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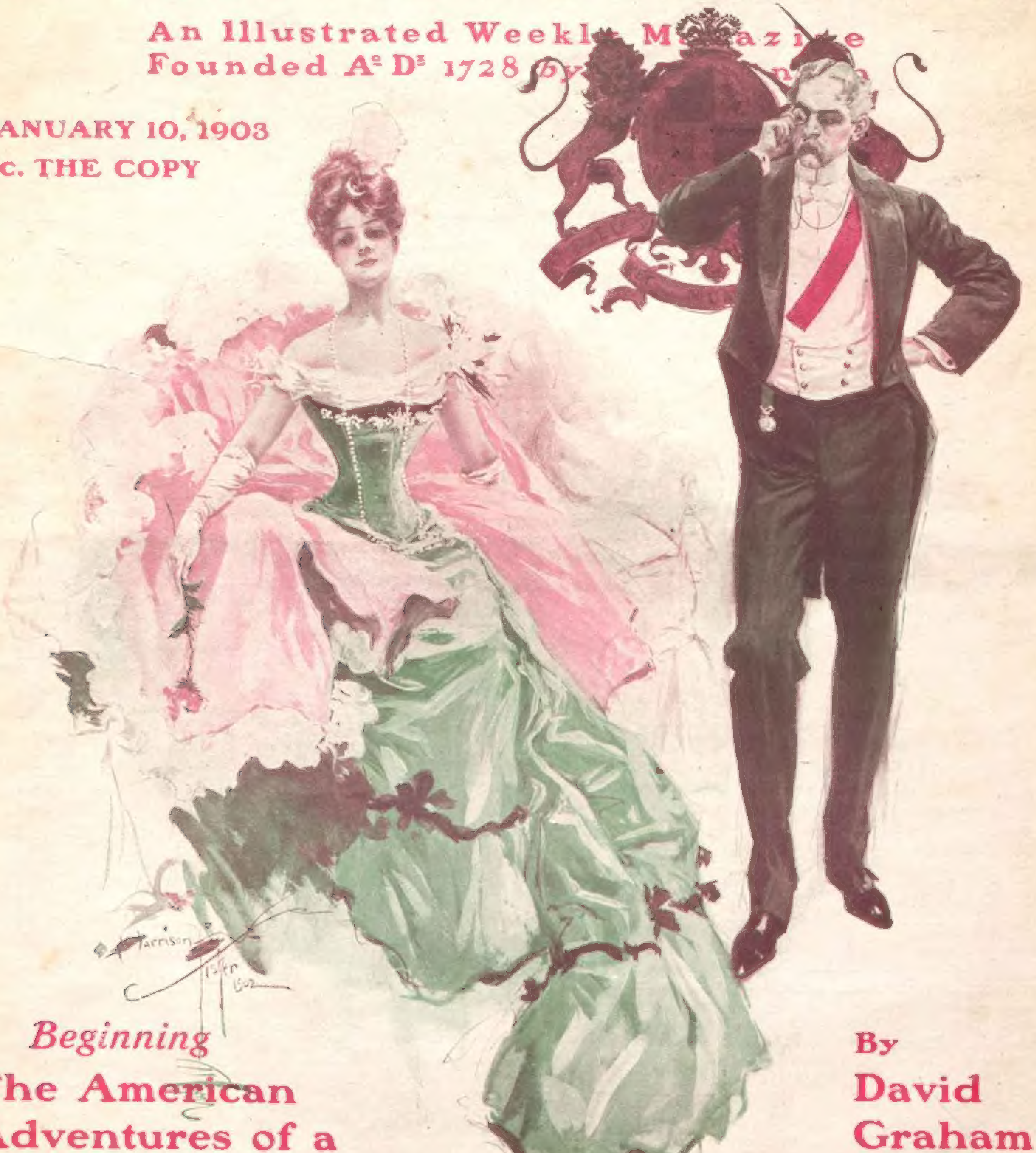
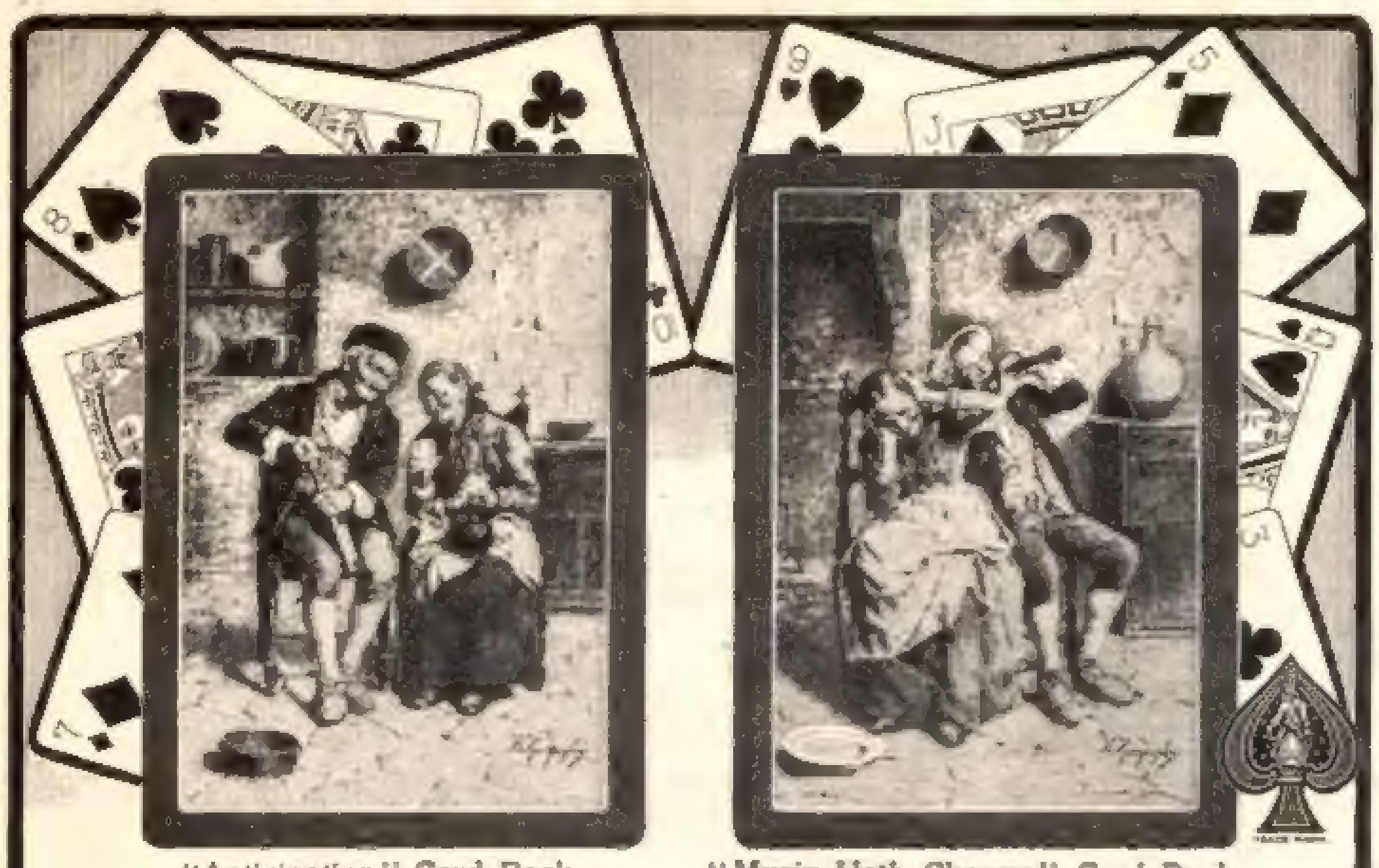


*Beginning*

## The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

By
David Graham Phillips

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



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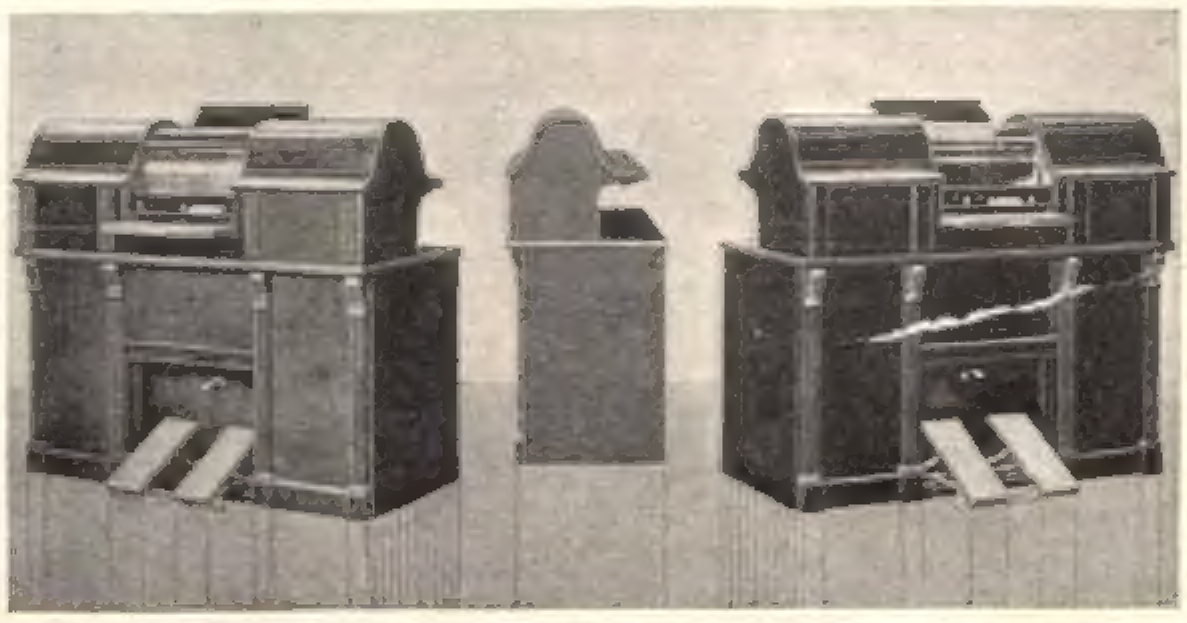

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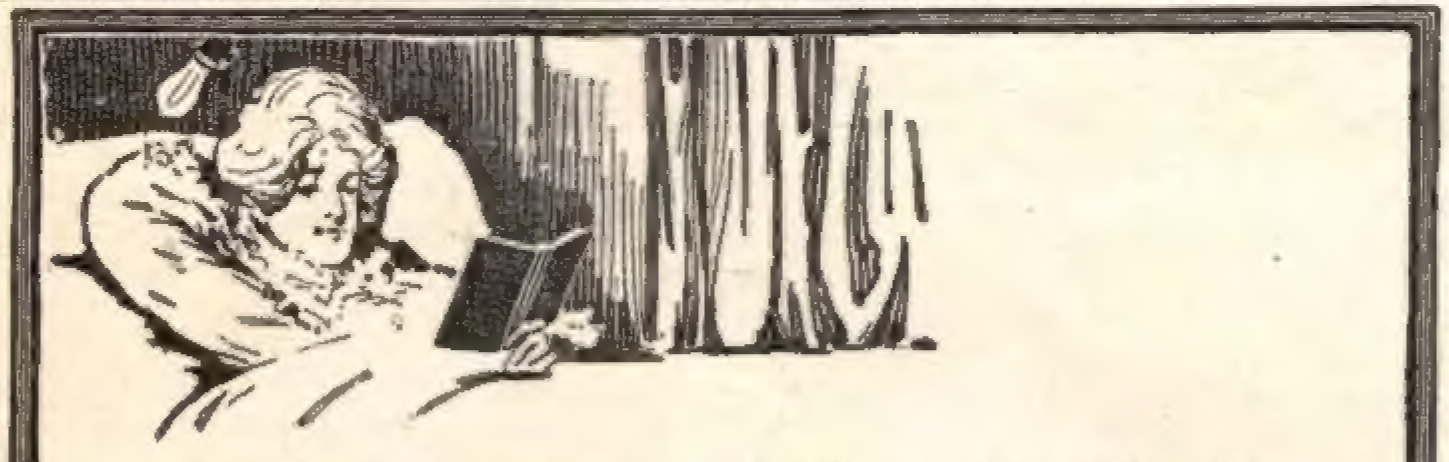

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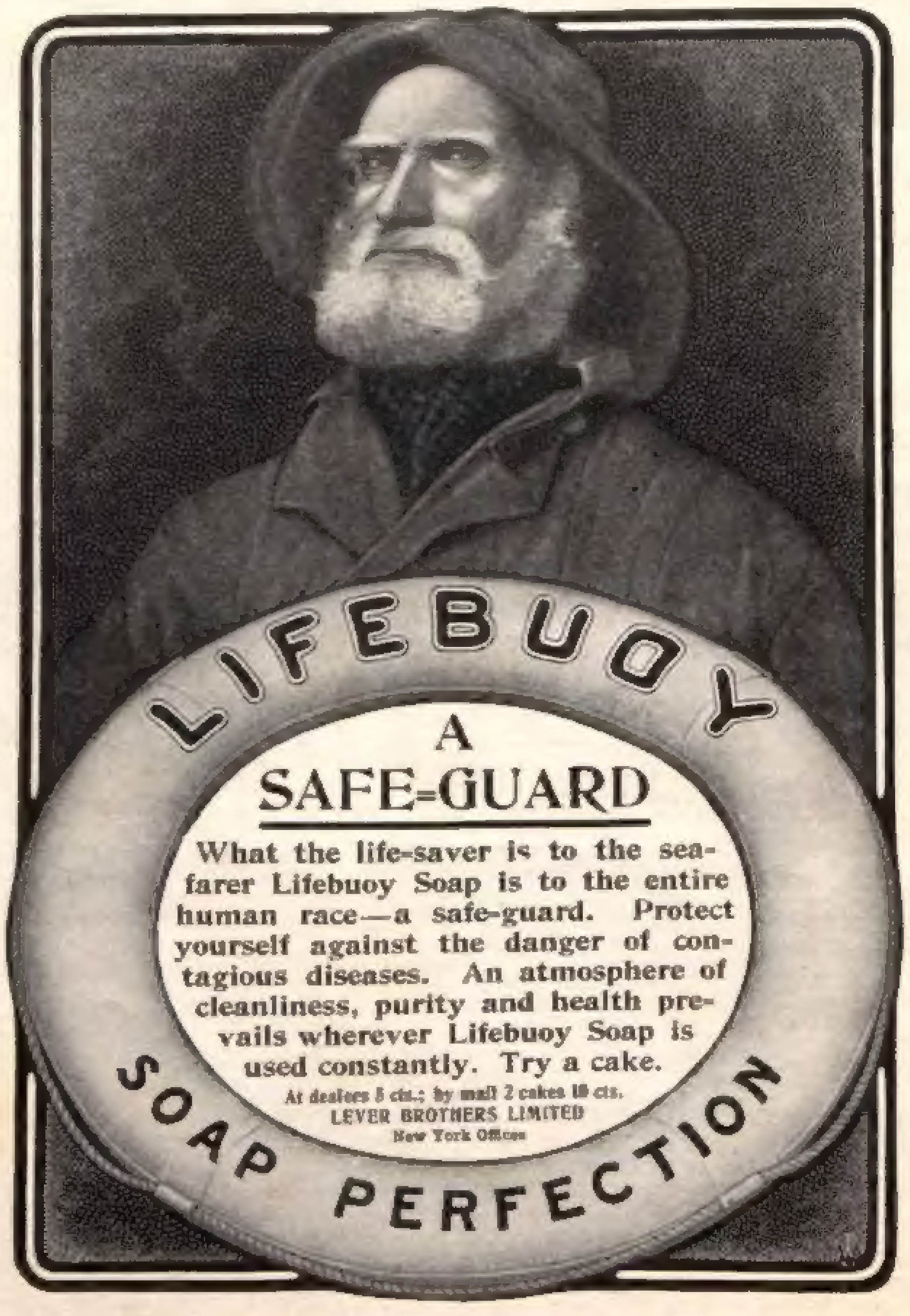

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# GOLDEN FLEECE

## *The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl*

### By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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### I

TWO hours after Surrey's letter came his sister Gwen rode over to Beauvais House eager to tell Evelyn the news of his luck in America. It was almost five o'clock in the beautiful autumn afternoon, and she found Evelyn at tea on the porch that looks out upon the Italian garden.

"It's settled," she said. "They're to be married on the fifth of November—only two months! And George says she is sweet and lovely—not at all like the Americans we know. And her dot is a million and a half—he calls it seven and a half, but he means in their money, which sounds bigger, but counts smaller than ours. She'll get twice that when her father dies—and he's nearly seventy and not strong. And I I'm so glad and so sorry that I don't know whether to laugh or cry."

"What's her name? You told me, but I forget." Evelyn's hand was trembling just a little as she gave Gwendoline a cup of tea. She spoke slowly in the clear, monotonous but agreeable English tone. Her voice, always calm, seemed stagnant.

"Dowie—Helen Dowie. He sent me a proof of a photograph they had taken together." Gwendoline took a letter from the bosom of her shirtwaist, drew from it the proof, and handed it to Evelyn. She took it, lowered her head so that Gwen could not see her face. She looked long and intently, and, if Gwen could have seen, she would have wondered how eyes could be so full of tears without shedding a single one. "Quite aristocratic," she said at last, giving it back. "How much style those American girls have."

"But don't you think her rather pert looking?" asked Gwen discontentedly. "She looks ill-tempered, too. I'm sure we sha'n't get on. Mother and I are making ready to go to Houghton Abbey at once. We'd have a jolly uncomfortable time of it, I wager, if she were to catch us at the Hall."

Evelyn was looking into her tea and stirring it absently.

"It seems a shame to have an American nobody come in," continued Gwen, "and throw us out neck and crop from a house where we've always lived. Now, if it were an English girl of our own class—you, Evelyn—we shouldn't mind—at least, not so much, or in the same way."

Evelyn paled and her lips contracted slightly.

"But it's of no use to think of that. We need her money—everything is in tatters at the Hall, and poor George is down to the last seventy pounds." Gwen laughed. "Do you remember what a time there was getting the five hundred for his expenses out of Aunt Betty? We've got to cable him another five hundred—he can't begin on her money the very minute he's married, can he, now?"

"Arthur must go over," said Evelyn suddenly with conviction. "We're worse off than you are. Old Bagley was down yesterday. He and Arthur were shut in together for two hours, and Arthur's been off his feed—horribly—ever since."

Gwen, two years younger than Evelyn, could not conceal her feelings so well. She winced, and a look of terror came into her big, blue eyes.

"We can't hold on another year," continued Evelyn. "And it's quite impossible for Arthur to take Miss Cadbrough. She's too hideous, and too hideously, hopelessly middle-class. She could never, never learn not to speak to ladies and gentlemen as if she were a servant."

Evelyn pretended not to notice Gwen's unhappiness. She glanced in at the great drawing-room with splendid furniture and ceiling wonderfully carved by a seventeenth century Italian. Then her eyes wandered away to the left, to the majestic wing showing there, then on to the brilliant gardens, the fountains and statuary. Her expression became bitter. "And we've been undisturbed for nine centuries!" she exclaimed.

Gwen, in spite of her inward tumult, remembered that this boast was rather "tall," that the Beauvais family had in fact been changed radically several times, and only the name had been undisturbed. Her mind paused with a certain satisfaction upon these little genealogical discrepancies because, though she was the sister and the daughter of a duke, she was the granddaughter of a brewer who had begun life as an apprentice.

"George wishes Arthur to go over to the wedding," she said reluctantly, after a silence.

A servant appeared—his gaudy livery was almost shabby, but his manners were most dignified and his hair was impressively—or ridiculously, if you please—plastered and streaked with powder. "His Lordship says he will have tea in his study, Your Ladyship."

"Please tell him that Lady Gwendoline Ridley is here," said Evelyn.

A few minutes later a strongly built, fairish young man of perhaps six and thirty came lounging out upon the porch. He had pleasing but far from handsome features—a chin that was too long and hung weakly instead of strongly forward; uncertain blue eyes with a network of the wrinkles of dissipation at the corners. A large, stringless monocle was wedged, apparently permanently, into the angle of his right eye-socket. He was dressed in shabby, soiled flannels, and he looked as seedy as his clothes. He shook hands with Gwen. "Thanks. No tea. I'm taking whisky," he said to Evelyn. And he seated himself sprawlingly. The servant brought his whisky and a note for Evelyn.

"Is the messenger waiting?" she asked, when she had read it.

"Yes, Your Ladyship." She left her brother and Gwen alone.

"George is marrying the heiress," Gwen began.

"So he wrote me," replied Frothingham sullenly.

"Evelyn says you must go and do likewise."

He scowled. "But I'd rather stay here and marry you."

"Don't be silly," said Gwen with a shrug of her athletic young shoulders. "You've got nothing. I've got nothing. So—you must do your duty."

"Duty go hang!" said Frothingham fretfully. "Sometimes, do you know, Gwen, I come jolly near envying those beggars that live in cottages, and keep shops, and all that."

"Now you're sloppy, Arthur. You know you don't envy them; no more do I."

"Did Eve tell you old Bagley was down?"

"Yes. Ghastly—wasn't it?"

Frothingham sighed. "I shouldn't be so cut up if I'd had the fun of spending it."

"You did spend a lot of it." She was thinking what a great figure the young Earl had cut in her early girlhood days; she had always listened greedily when her brother with admiring envy, or Evelyn with sisterly pride, talked of his exploits on the turf and, let us say elsewhere, to shorten a long story.

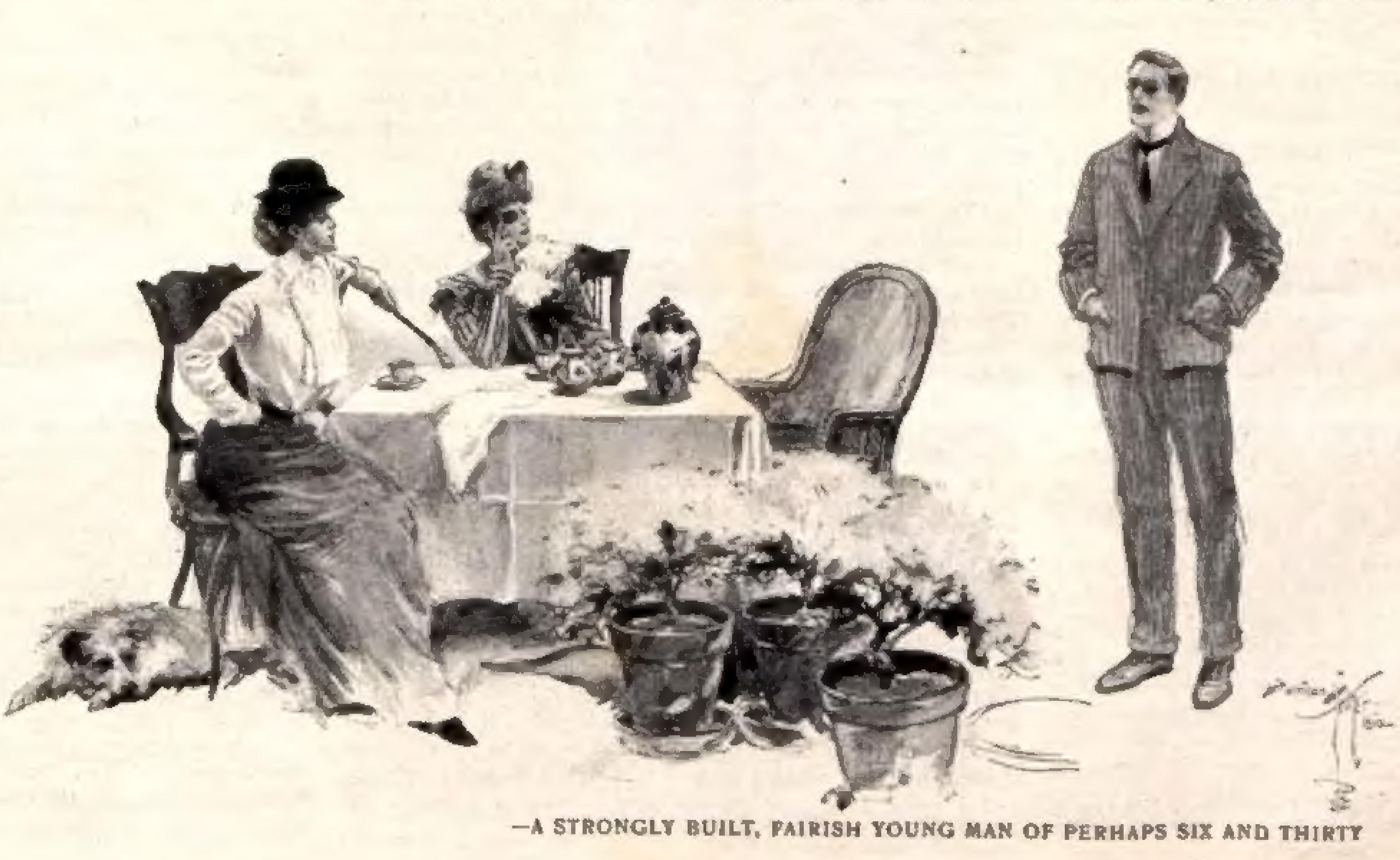
"Only a few thousand that weren't worth the keeping," said Frothingham, a faint gleam of satisfaction appearing in the eye that was shielded by the monocle—he liked to remember his "career," and he liked the women to remind him of it in this flattering way. "All I really got was the bill for the governor's larks, and his governor's, and his governor's governor's. It's what I call rotten unfair—jolly rotten unfair. The fiddling for them—the bill for me."

"Buck up, Artie," said Gwen, stroking him gently with her riding-whip. "See how Georgie has faced it. And perhaps you won't draw such a bad one, either. She can't be worse than Cadbrough."

"But I want you, Gwen. I'm used to you, you know—and that's everything in a wife. I hate surprises, and these American beggars are full of 'em."

Evelyn came back. "Go away somewhere, both of you," she said. "Charley Sidney's just driving up. I wish to talk to him about the States."

Gwen paled and flushed; Frothingham grunted and scowled. They rose, made a short cut across the garden and were hidden by the left wing of the house. Almost immediately the servant announced "Mr. Sidney," and stood deferentially aside for a tall, thin American, elaborately Anglicized in look and dress, and, as it soon appeared, in accent. He had a narrow, vain face, browned and wrinkled by hard riding in hard weather in those early morning hours that should



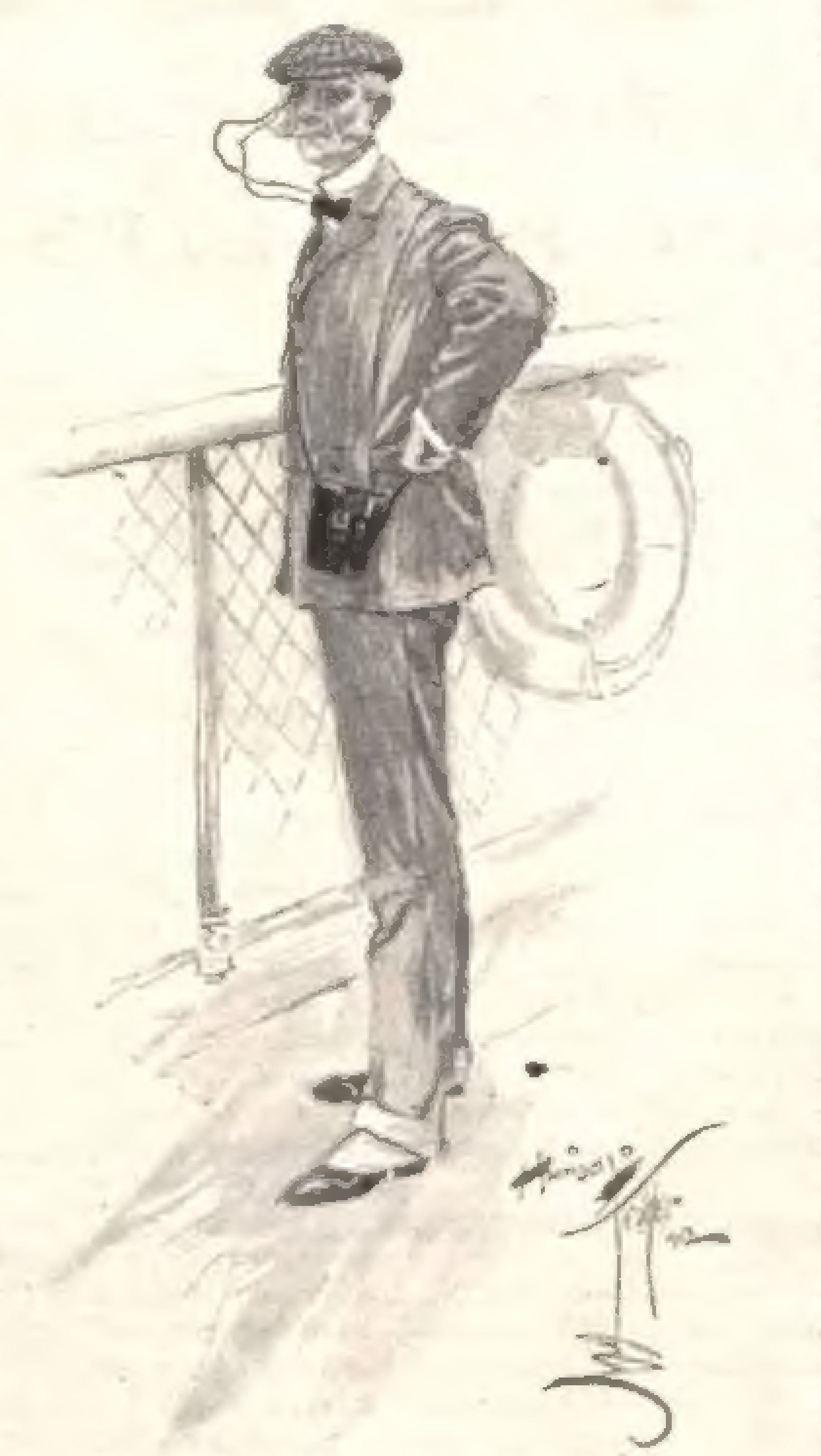
—A STRONGLY BUILT, FAIRISH YOUNG MAN OF PERHAPS SIX AND THIRTY be spent in bed if one has lingered in the billiard-room with the drinks and smokes until past midnight.

"Ah, Lady Evelyn!" He shook hands with her and bowed and smirked. "I'm positively perishing for tea."

"You mean whisky?"

"Ah, yes—to be sure. I see there is whisky."

Evelyn's manner, which had been frank and equal before her friend and her brother, had frozen for Sidney into a shy stiffness not without a faint suggestion of the superior addressing the inferior. She had known Sidney for the ten years he had lived within two miles of Beauvais House, but—well, he wasn't "one of us" exactly; he had a way of bowing and of pronouncing titles that discouraged equality. The conversation dragged in dreary, rural fashion through gossip of people, dogs and horses, until she said:



"MY NAME IS LONGVIEW"

"Have you heard the news of Surrey?"

"No—is His Grace coming home?"

"He's marrying—a Miss Dowie, of New York. Do you know her?"

"I've heard of her. You know, I've not been there longer than a week at a time for fifteen years." Sidney put on his extreme imitation-English air. "I loathe the place. They don't know how to treat a gentleman. And the lower classes!" He lifted his eyebrows and shook his head. He was at his most energetic when, in running down his native land to his English acquaintances, he reached the American "lower classes."

Evelyn concealed the satire which longed to express itself in her face. She despised Sidney and all the Anglicized Americans; and, behind their backs, she and her friends derided them—perhaps to repay themselves for the humiliation of accepting hospitalities and even more concrete favors from "those American bounders." The story among Sidney's upper-class English tolerators was that his father had kept a low public house in New York or San Francisco, or "somewhere over there"—they were as ignorant of the geography of the United States as they were of the geography of Patagonia.

"So he's to marry Dowie's daughter?" continued Sidney. "He was brakeman on a railway thirty years ago."

"How you Americans do jump about," said Evelyn, forgetting that Sidney prided himself on no longer being an American. "He must be clever."

"A clever rascal, probably," replied Sidney spitefully. "Over here he'd have been put into jail for what they honor him for over there."

"We've many of the same sort, no doubt," said Evelyn, thinking it tactful to hold aloof when a son was abusing his mother.

"Yes, but usually they're gentlemen and do things in a gentlemanly way."

"Mr. Dowie is rich?"

"Just now he is—they say." Sidney had the rich man's weakness for denying, or at least casting a doubt upon, the riches of other rich men. He knew that his was the finest and most valuable wealth in the world, and he would have liked to believe that it was the only wealth in the world. "I trust the Duke has looked sharp to the settlements."

"Why?" asked Evelyn, preparing to make mental notes.

"He may never get anything but what's settled on him and her now. Dowie is more or less of a speculator and may go broke. But that's not the only danger in marrying an American heiress. You see, Lady Evelyn, over there they have the vulgarest possible notions of rank and titles. And often, if there isn't a cash settlement when they 'buy the title,' as they describe it, they refuse to give up anything. Many of their rich men have the craze for founding colleges and asylums and libraries. They reason that they've got the title in the family, therefore it isn't necessary to pay for it; and so they leave all their money to build themselves a monument. Dishonorable, isn't it? But they stop at nothing."

"Then," said Evelyn, "an American heiress isn't an heiress so long as her father is alive?"

"Exactly. It's misleading to call her an heiress. She simply has hopes."

"I hope Surrey knows this."

"If he doesn't it's his own fault. I cautioned His Grace before he sailed."

"That reminds me, Mr. Sidney. Arthur may be going over to the wedding. Could you——"

"I'd be delighted," interrupted Sidney. "Anything I could do for Lord Frothingham it would be a pleasure to do. I can give him some useful letters, I think. Will he travel?"

"Possibly—I don't know. He has no plans as yet."

"I shall give him—if he will do me the honor of accepting them—only a few letters. The wisest plan is a proper introduction to the very best people. Then all doors will be open to him."

"The Americans are hospitable to every one, are they not?"

"Not to younger sons any more. And not to unaccredited foreigners. They've had their fingers jolly well burned. I knew of one case—a girl—quite a ladylike person, though of a new family from the interior. She married a French valet masquerading as a duke."

"Poor creature," said Evelyn, smiling with amused contempt.

"Yes, and another girl married, or thought she married—a German royal prince. And when she got to Germany she found that she'd bought a place as mere morganatic wife, with no standing at all."

"Fancy! What a facer!"

"And she never got her money back—not a penny," continued Sidney. "But, like you, I don't sympathize with these upstart people who try to thrust themselves out of their proper station. The old families over there—and there are a few gentlefolk, Lady Evelyn, though they're almost lost in the crowd of noisy upstarts—never have such humiliating experiences in their international marriages."

"Naturally not," said Evelyn.

"But, as I was about to say, a foreigner with a genuine title, the head of a house of gentle people, is received with open arms. Lord Frothingham would be overwhelmed with hospitalities. My friends would see to that."

After a few minutes, without any impoliteness on Evelyn's part, Sidney began to feel that it was time for him to go. As he disappeared Gwen and Arthur came strolling back.

"What a noisome creature Sidney is," said Evelyn. "But he'll be of use to you, Arthur."

"Did he talk about the old families of America and the gentle birth?" asked Gwen. Her eyes were curiously bright and her manner and tone were agitated.

"All that again."

"He's an ass—a regular tomtit," growled Frothingham.

"I should think he'd learn," said Evelyn, "that we don't take him and his countrymen up because they're well born—we know they aren't."

"If those that are sensible enough to fly from that beastly country are like Sidney," said Gwen, "what a rowdy lot there must be at home." She spoke so nervously that Evelyn, abstracted though she was, glanced at her and noticed how pale and peaked she was. When she had ridden away Evelyn looked at her brother severely—she was only twenty-three, but she managed him, taking the place of both their parents who were long dead.

"You've been making love to Gwen," she exclaimed reproachfully. "You should be ashamed of yourself."

Frothingham removed his monocle, wiped it carefully in a brilliant plaid silk handkerchief, and slowly fitted it in place. Then he sent a mocking, cynical gleam through it at his sister. "You forget," he drawled, "that I caught you and Georgie kissing each other and crying over each other the day he went off to the States."

Evelyn flushed. "How does that excuse you?" she demanded, undismayed.

He was silent for a moment, then with tears in his eyes and a break in his habitual cynical drawl, "I can't go, Eve. I can't give her up."

Evelyn's heart ached, but she did not show it. She simply asked in her usual tone of almost icy calm, "Where's the oof to come from?"

He collapsed helplessly into a chair. There was no alternative—he must go; he must marry money. He owed it to his family and position; also, he wanted it himself—what is a "gentleman" without money? And—why, if he did not bestir himself he might actually have to go to work! And "what the devil could I work at? I might go out to service—I'd shine as a gentleman's gentleman—or I might do something as a billiard marker——"

With such dangers and degradations imminent, to think of love was sheer madness. Frothingham sighed and stared miserably through his monocle at the peacocks squawking their nerve-jarring predictions of rain.

## II

ON THE second day out, in the morning, Frothingham was at the rail, his back to the sea, his glassed gaze roaming aimlessly up and down the row of passengers stretched at full length in steamer chairs. He became conscious of the manœuvrings of a little man in a little gray cap and little gray suit, with little gray side-whiskers that stood out like fins on either side of his little gray face. Each time this little person passed it was with a nervous smile at Frothingham and a nervous wiping of the lips with the tip of his tongue. When he saw that Frothingham, or rather, Frothingham's monocle, was noting him, he halted in front of him, too painfully self-conscious to see that the Englishman's look was about as cordial as that of a bald-headed man watching the circlings of a bluebottle fly.

"The Earl of Frothingham, is it not?" said he in a thin, small voice, his American overlaid with the most un-English of English accents.

Frothingham moved his head without relaxing from his stolid, vacant look.

"My name is Longview. I had the honor of meeting you at the hunt at Market Harboro two years ago—my daughter and I."

Frothingham stared vaguely into space, little Longview looking up at him with an expression of ludicrously painful anxiety. "Oh, yes," he drawled finally. And he extended his hand with condescending graciousness. "I remember. I'm glad to see you."

Longview expelled a big breath of relief. He was used to being forgotten, was not unused to remaining forgotten. "You may recall," he hastened on, eager to clinch himself in an earl's memory, "we had your cousin, Lord Ramsay's place, Cedric Hall, that year."

Frothingham remembered perfectly—the rich, Anglicized American who fed his neighbors well, was generous in lending mounts and traps, and was, altogether, a useful and not unamusing nuisance. Rich, but—how rich?

"And your daughter?" said Frothingham—he recalled her indistinctly as young, very hoydenish and very daring on horseback.

"She is with me," said Longview, delighted to be convinced that he was remembered and remembered distinctly—and by a Gordon-Beauvais! "It would give me great pleasure to present you."

As they went down the deck the little man peered at every one with a nervous little smile—"as if he were saying, 'Don't kick me, please. I mean well,'" thought Frothingham. In fact, back of the peering and the smile was the desire that all should see that he had captured the Earl. They entered the library and advanced toward a young woman swathed in a huge blue cape, her eyes idly upon a book.

"Honoria, my dear," said Longview, as nervous as if he were speaking to the young woman without having been introduced to her, "you remember Lord Frothingham?"

Honoria slowly raised her eyelids from a pair of melancholy, indifferent gray eyes and slightly inclined her head. The men seated themselves on either side of her, Longview rattled on in his almost hysterical way for a few minutes, then fluttered away. Honoria and Frothingham sat silent, she looking at her book, he looking at her.

"You are going home?" he said when he saw that she would not "lead," no matter how long the silence might continue.

"No," she replied. "We are English—at least, my father is."

"And you?"

She just moved her shoulders and there was the faintest sneer at the corner of her decidedly pretty mouth. "I don't know—what does it matter about a woman? I've lived in England and France since I was five, except a year and a half in America. Father detests the country and the people. He was naturalized in England last year. I believe he decided that his social position, won through his being an American, was sufficiently established to make it safe for him to change."

Frothingham smiled. As he was used to the freest and frankest criticisms of parents and other near relatives by fellow-countrymen of his own class, it did not impress him as unfilial that a daughter should thus deride a father. Honoria became silent and apparently oblivious of his presence.

"I've never been to America," he said, hoping to resurrect the dead conversation. "I'm looking forward to it with much pleasure. We have many Americans in our neighborhood—such jolly people."

"I know few Americans." Honoria looked disdainful. "And they are like us, the most of them—expatriated. They say their country is a good place to make money in but a horrible place to live—crude and ill-mannered, full of vulgar people that push in everywhere, and the servants fancying they're ladies and gentlemen."

"I hope it's no worse to live in than England," said Frothingham. "You know we're always flying to the Continent to escape the climate and the dullness. And our middle classes are very uppish nowadays, don't you think?"

"I detest England." Honoria put the first emphasis into her voice, but it was slight.

"Beastly hole, except for a few weeks in the spring, isn't it? If it wasn't for the hunting it would be deserted."

He saw her cold, regular features light up. "I love hunting," she said. "It's the one thing that can make me forget myself and everything except just being alive and well." Then her face shadowed and chilled, and she looked at her book so significantly that Frothingham was forced to rise and leave.

At luncheon the man in the chair next him — Barney, who had told him in the first half-hour of their acquaintance all about his big dry-goods shop in Chicago — said: "I saw you talking to Longview on deck. Is he a friend of yours?"

"An acquaintance," replied Frothingham — he rather liked Barney because he was shrewd and humorous, and treated him in an offhand fashion that was refreshing and amusing in a "tradesman."

"He's a low-down snob," said Barney, encouraged by Frothingham's disclaimer. "One of those fellows that think their own country ain't good enough for them. I was glad when he got himself naturalized over in your country. You're welcome to him. What kind of people does he herd with in England?"

"We like him very well, I believe. He seems to be an agreeable fellow."

"I suppose he kowtows and blows himself, and so they let him hang on to the tail-board — he ain't heavy and don't take up much room. His grandfather stole with both hands and put it in real estate. Then his father made quite a bunch in the early railroad days. And now this fellow's posing as an aristocrat. If he wasn't rich who'd notice him?"

"Then he's rich?" inquired Frothingham.

"Yes and no," replied Barney, his rich man's jealousy visibly roused. "There was a big family of them. He's got maybe a couple of millions or three. That ain't much in these days. You heard about his knockout?"

"Has he lost part of his money?"

"I thought everybody knew that story — it was in all the papers. No, it wasn't money — worse than that, from his point of view. His daughter — she's with him on the ship — fell in love with the second son of some marquis or other. But he didn't have anything, and I believe you titled people ain't allowed to work. Longview was red-headed — wouldn't give his daughter a cent unless she married a big title. And then the young man's older brother died."

"Was it the Marquis of Dullingford?"

"Yes, that was it. And right on top of it his elder brother's two sons were drowned, and he came into the title and estates. And what does he do but up and marry an English girl that he'd been struck on all the time, but couldn't marry because he was so poor. Longview nearly went crazy at missing the chance. And his daughter — it must have made her mighty sour to find out that the fellow had been only pretending to be in love with her, and was really out for her cash and didn't care a rap about her. A low pup, wasn't he?"

Frothingham began to detest Barney — "an impudent, malicious beggar," he thought. He gave him his monocle's coldest stare.

"No," went on Barney, unchilled, "Longview's not so rich. I could buy him twice over, and not take a cent of it out of my business. But I want to see any scamp, foreign or domestic, hanging round my daughter for her money. She'll get nary a red till I shuffle off. And she'll get mighty little then if she don't marry to suit me. That's our way."

Frothingham changed his mind about dropping his acquaintance with Barney. He had begun to modify the low view of him so soon as he heard that he had a daughter, and "could buy Longview twice over," and leave the big business — "seventy stores under one roof" — intact. "Miss Barney may be worth looking at," he reflected. "And her papa might relent about settlements. I suspect he isn't above loving a lord — he's too good an American for that."

What Barney had told him gave him the key to Honoria. He felt genuine sympathy for her — their sorrows were similar. "Poor creature," he thought. "No wonder she's so down in the mouth." After luncheon he met her father on deck and did not repel his advances. "But," he said to himself, "it don't do to be too friendly with these beggars. It's like shaking hands with your tailor. He don't think you've pulled him up, but that you've let yourself down."

To the "beggar" he said:

"I looked all round the dining-room, but I didn't see you and your daughter."

Longview smiled proudly. "We have our meals in our sitting-room," he replied. "We dislike being stared at and mixed in with a crowd of eating people. We like privacy. We'd be glad to have you join us."

Frothingham's first impulse was to accept. It would cost him nothing — probably he'd get his wine and mineral water and cigars free. And he'd have a fine chance at Honoria. But her face came before his mind. He decided that he would do well to wait until he could learn whether she was really part of the inviting "we."

Although he was not welcomed, but merely tolerated, he seated himself on the extension of a vacant chair beside her and talked — hunting, which, as she had shown him, was her weakness. She was soon interested, and she unbent toward him so far that, when her father came and renewed his invitation, she joined in it. Just as Frothingham accepted he saw Barney half-a-dozen chairs away glowering at Longview. "I'll offend Barney, no doubt," he said to himself. "But I'll risk it. I must play the cards I have in my hand."

Barney came into the smoke-room late in the evening as he was sitting there, having a final whisky and water before going to bed. "Won't you have a high ball or something?" he asked, making room for Barney's broad form.

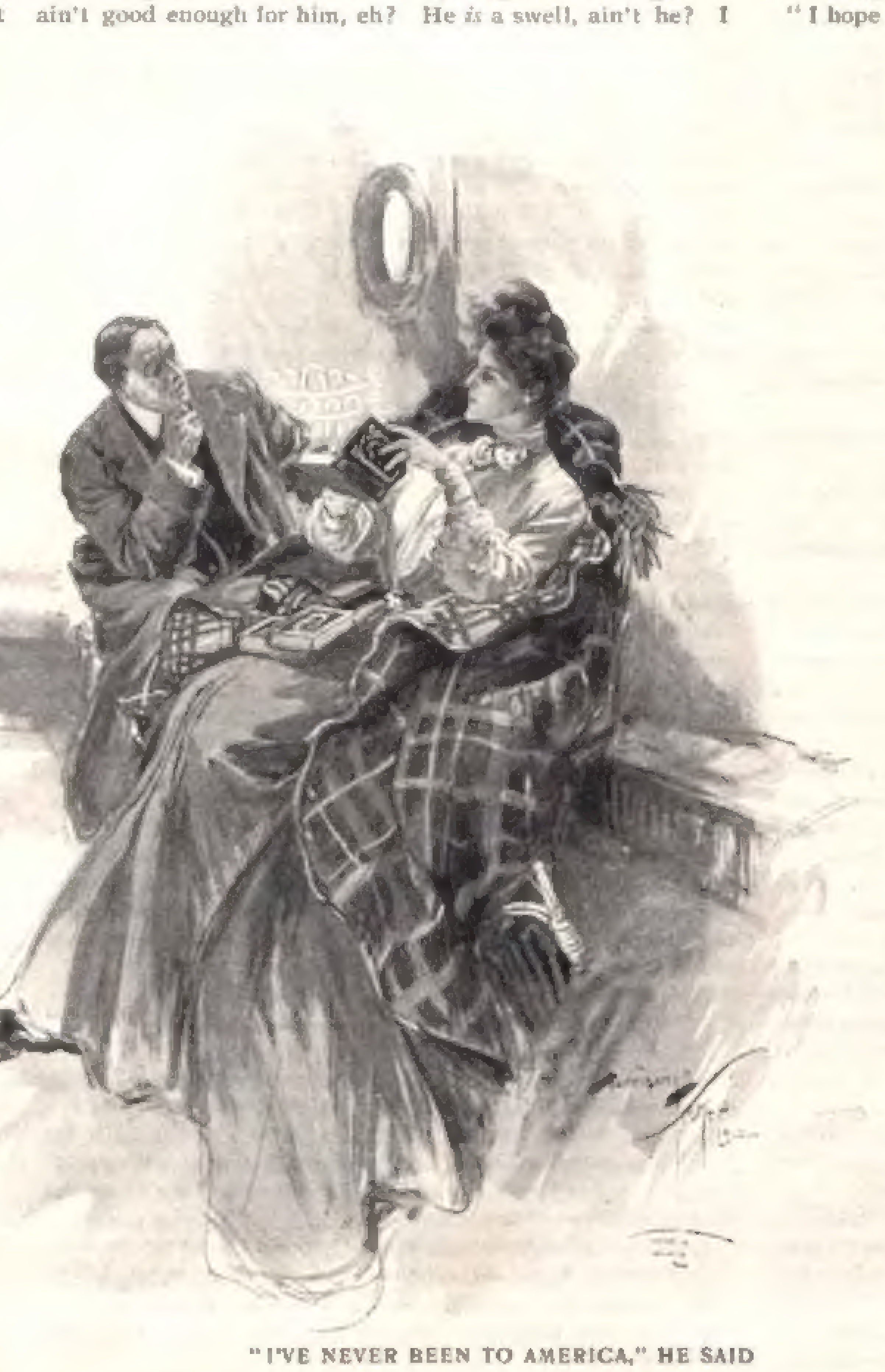
"No, I never touch liquor. Don't allow it in my house. It's no good — no business man ought to touch it."

"I suppose not," replied Frothingham, feeling that here was new evidence of the essentially degrading nature of business.

"I missed you at dinner," Barney went on.

"The Longviews invited me to feed with them," replied Frothingham carelessly. "They're served in their sitting-room. Sorry to leave you, but the service is much better."

Barney's maxillary muscles expanded and contracted with anger. He half snorted, half laughed. "You might know," he said, "that that shark-faced snob would invent a new way of making himself ridiculous. So, the general dining-room ain't good enough for him, eh? He *is* a swell, ain't he? I should think he and his — no, leave the young lady out of it — I should think he'd be ashamed to fish for you so openly." Barney's tone softened apologetically, greatly to Frothingham's surprise, as he added: "I don't blame you, Mr. Frothingham. I understand how it is with you titled people in your country. I don't blame anybody for walking round on human necks if their owners'll allow it. But *we* feel differently about all those kind of things."



"I'VE NEVER BEEN TO AMERICA," HE SAID

Frothingham smiled conciliatingly. "Oh, I say, now! I don't see anything to make a row over. The beggar's got a right to eat where he pleases, hasn't he?"

"Of course he has, and to stick his tongue out at all the rest of us, as he does it. You don't understand. It ain't *what* he does. It's *why* he does it. We Americans can't stand those kind of airs."

"It seems very mysterious to me," confessed Frothingham. "I admit I don't understand your country."

"Oh, you're all right," reassured Barney, slapping Frothingham's leg cordially. "I never thought I'd like one of you titled fellows. I despised you all for a useless set of nobodies and nincompoops. And whenever my womenfolks got to talking about that kind of thing I always sat on 'em, and sat hard — I'm a hard sitter when I want to be. But I like you, young man. You're more an American than an Englishman, just as Longview's more English than American — he ain't American, at all. You talk like an American. You behave like an American. And when you've been in America long enough to wear your clothes out, and get some that fit you, you'll look like an American."

"Thanks," said Frothingham dryly.

"You don't like it?" Barney laughed good-humoredly. "Well, I don't blame you. You're judging America by Longview and me. That ain't fair. I'm a rough one — never had a chance — first thing I remember is carrying the swill buckets out to feed the hogs before sunup when I still wore slips. But I mean right. And I've got a son and a daughter that are a real gentleman and a real lady, and don't you forget it."

"Oh, you're all right," said Frothingham, slapping Barney on the leg — Frothingham was a sentimental dog where his pocket and his pleasure were not concerned, and he liked Barney's look as he spoke of himself and the hogs, and his children.

"You don't want to go back to that little old island of yours," continued Barney, "without seeing Chicago. *There's* a town! And I'll give you the time of your life. I want you to meet my family."

"I hope I shall," said Frothingham. He was smiling to himself — evidently Barney wasn't above a weakness for a lord. "It was a good stroke any way you look at it, my going with the Longviews," he reflected. "It's made Barney jealous and he thinks more of me than ever."

He divided his time unevenly between the Longviews and Barney. He wished to introduce Barney to them, but Longview hysterically refused. "It's all right for you, Frothingham," he explained. "But we can't afford to do it. How'd you like to be introduced to middle-class English?"

"Oh, I shouldn't mind. I'd just forget 'em the next time we met. The brutes'd expect it and wouldn't think of annoying me."

"Precisely — precisely," said Longview. "But our — that is — the American middle-classes are different. They don't understand differences of social position, or pretend not to. If this Barney person were presented to us, he probably wouldn't take the cut when we met again, but would come straight up to us. You've no idea how impudent they are."

"But why do you call him middle-class? Ain't he rich?" asked Frothingham.

Longview looked at him tragically. "Birth and breeding count with us just as — I mean count in America just as in England."

"Gad, they don't count in England any more, except against one. But we can't get it out of our heads that you Americans go in for equality and all that sort of thing."

"Not at all. Not at all," Longview protested. "The lines are the more closely drawn because there are no official lines."

"But what's the matter with Barney? He seems right enough. I've got uncles that are worse. Gad, there's one of 'em I could get rich on if I could cage him and exhibit him."

"My dear Frothingham, this Barney keeps a retail shop. Even in New York they draw the line at retail shops."

"It's very mysterious." Frothingham shook his head. "I fear I shall never learn. Why don't they put it all in a book, as we do? Then we could take it at the university instead of Greek."

He looked at Honoria. She was giving her plate a scornful smile. Her father looked at her also, and reddened as he noted her expression, and shifted the conversation abruptly to the day's run. Frothingham was becoming interested in Honoria now that he had assured himself of her eligibility. She was not beautiful, not especially distinguished looking. But she had an utter lack of interest in him, as well as in the rest of her surroundings, that piqued him. Then, too, her small figure was graceful and strong; and when her face did light up it showed strength of character, and either what she said or the way she said it created a vivid impression of personality. He soon felt that she liked him. Her manner toward him was friendlier even than her manner toward her father, her lack of respect for whom was scantily concealed.

(*Continued on Page 16*)

# The Unknown Morgan

## BY ONE WHO KNOWS HIM

IT WAS one of the crucial days in the birth of the Steel Trust. Mr. Morgan's anteroom was filling with a distinguished company. Large properties were to be consolidated, and their multi-millionaire controllers were coming in to be placated, reassured, satisfied. A corporation of unprecedented magnitude was to be chartered, and the best lawyers were coming in to submit their plans for rejection or partial approval. Nearly a billion and a half of stocks and bonds were to be floated, and the most skillful bankers in New York were coming in to make suggestions or to receive instructions.

As the moments passed the anteroom filled, every man in it except Mr. Morgan's agitated messenger representing something important in this commercial world of ours. These great men were shifting impatiently, were talking sullenly or angrily in low tones, were acting as if they were "cooling their heels" in the anteroom of a king and did not in the least fancy being thus lowered from the estate and consideration to which they felt entitled. And they were busy men, too, with no time to waste. Yet their time was wasting, and although their glances, concentrated under frowning brows upon the door of Mr. Morgan's private office, seemed potent enough to hurl it from its hinges, it remained closed.

The messenger had been asked so many times by such important persons, "How long will Mr. Morgan be engaged?" that his stereotyped "I don't know, sir," had become hysterical. He seemed in danger of a breakdown, like an actor who repeats the same part too often. Also he looked as if he had a foreboding of an impending calamity; as if he felt that, when the door did finally open, something would appear which would cause a cataclysm of wrath. When he was not saying "I don't know, sir," or was not looking appealingly at Mr. Morgan's motionless door, he was glancing from face to face through the distinguished company with a pleading expression which might be saying, "Gentlemen, I hope you won't take it out on *me* when you find who's been making Mr. Morgan keep you waiting."

Who was it—that was what the distinguished waiters were demanding one of another with heads as hot as their heels were cool. What potentate of finance? What king among the plutocrats? For mighty indeed must be he who could thus thrust and hold that barrier between such as they and Mr. Morgan.

The seconds crawled; the minutes snailed it; the half-hours lingered like years. And still the door remained closed; and still the crowded anteroom remained crowded; and tempers rose, boiled over in loud mutterings; and wonder grew.

### *The Woman Who Kept Morgan Waiting*

At last, after two hours and eleven minutes and a half—to be as exact as possible, for none of the waiters happened to have a split-second watch—the door of the great Morgan reluctantly opened. In the doorway appeared—a woman!

Young? Pretty? Titled, perhaps—possibly a princess? Vastly rich?

The distinguished company stared at her, each throne, principality and power of finance with a different expression of profound, dumfounded amazement upon his face.

She was an old woman, a faded woman, a study in feebleness of body and mind. She was shabbily dressed. She was not only unattractive but she showed that she never had been attractive. Behind her, bowing and smiling upon her with a gentle courtesy that was almost deferential, came Mr. Morgan. He glanced around the crowded anteroom, then back to his honored visitor—for two hours with Morgan at his office is not a call but a visit, and a good long one.

She was moving out when she suddenly remembered something she had forgotten to say to him. She faced him again. She talked for ten minutes more, questioning and cross-questioning him. He listened as if there were nothing to which he attached so much importance as to what fell from those withered lips in that monotonous voice. And he answered as if Heaven had created him for the especial purpose of enlightening her.

W[illegible]as she? A poor old woman who had about $20,000 on [illegible]osit with him—all she had in the world. It had been about $2000, and, by investing it as Morgan can invest, he had multiplied it by ten. Then he had written her the good news in a formal way through the regular channels. And she had come down partly to thank him, chiefly to put him on the witness stand and satisfy herself that he was not gambling with her fortune, was not going to lose it in mad speculations and leave her penniless. And it had taken him those two hours and more to reassure her, to quiet her sick, troubled old mind, haunted by the spectre of want, to convince her that her all was safe and that he was behaving himself conservatively in managing it. And in all that time not by look or word or gesture had he shown her what she was doing—that she was wasting time than which there was none more valuable to more people anywhere on earth at that part of that day.

She shook a forefinger encased in worn black kid warningly at him. "Now, you must be careful!" she said.

"I'll be very careful, ma'am," he replied, as if he were pledging himself to guard a vast empire.

She was gone. His face changed as his eyes wheeled, fierce as the muzzles of thirteen-inch guns, from face to face of his stupefied waiters. They were just gathering themselves together to be angry. They cleared the anger from their faces instantly. When the lightnings begin to flash in Morgan's eyes, few indeed are the men he deals with in two continents who do not straightway cast about for some way to placate him.

Why did this doddering old woman receive, albeit wholly unconsciously and as a matter of course, such marks of favor as none of those with whom Morgan traffics in millions would dare demand? What did he owe her? Almost nothing; nothing at all that most men, even most sensitive men, would regard as a debt. It would be cruel to explain, because then many might recognize the personality of the old woman which has here been carefully veiled. It is enough to say that it was not even so great an obligation as a kindly man might feel to his nurse.

There are some people—among them several who are worth more millions than there are weeks in the year—who will tell you that of the curt, intolerant, discourteous men in the world Mr. Morgan is easily first. There are others—fortunately for Mr. Morgan, they don't all of them haunt his office—who will tell you that Mr. Morgan is a good-natured, easy-going fellow, fond of listening, never in a hurry, and tremendously polite unless one tries to thank him for doing a favor. Both sets of Mr. Morgan's acquaintances are right and both are wrong—as is usually the case in estimates of a man got from those who know him personally. Which side of him is the real Morgan? Like all large men, he is large enough to have many sides—let him who is small enough to have only one boast it, if he likes.

Often in the spring and fall Mr. Morgan leaves his office abruptly, several hours before his usual time, and disappears mysteriously. Some of his clerks wink and all of them wonder. And his partners and the great men of "the Street" who need his advice frown and wish "J. P. M." would appreciate what it means to them to have him go off with loose ends of big enterprises hanging every which way.

### *When Morgan Leaves the Office*

It would be a very daring—it might be a very mean—thing to do, to follow Mr. Morgan. But let us venture it. His cab takes him to the pier off which his yacht Corsair waits for him. He enters a launch and is steamed swiftly to the yacht. He goes aboard and the Corsair at once sets out—up the East River toward the Sound.

It steams steadily for an hour, then puts in at the landing of a summer house—the house of a young married couple who are very near relatives of Mr. Morgan. The great man, who has been traveling alone, disembarks alone and goes up to the house.

Only the servants welcome him—the young woman and her husband happen to be away. Mr. Morgan goes into the house and up the stairs, up to a bedroom. He enters and sends out a nice-looking young woman who is there and then closes, perhaps locks, the door. He seems to be alone in the room.

No, he is not alone. In a little bed lies a baby, a near relative of Mr. Morgan's, as near as a grandchild. He wakes the baby up—and the baby at first doesn't fancy being rudely recalled from the very pleasant Land of Nod to the as yet, for it, not at all pleasant land of colic and sticking pins, of poking fingers and "say goo-goo" maniacs. But once its big eyes are opened and it clearly sees who has recalled it, it is delighted. For it recognizes the grandest, most sympathetic, most resourceful, most patient playmate it has discovered on earth thus far. And with wild gurgles of joy and wavings of rosy fists it makes for his mustache, his hair, his necktie, his dignity. Further into this adventure of a money-king it would be impertinent to intrude. Suffice it to say that Mr. Morgan drops sixty odd years off his life for the space of about an hour, then returns his exhausted playmate to its nurse and its nap, leaves the house as straightly as he entered it, is steamed back to New York and finishes the day.

Mr. Morgan is a good judge of stocks, of railroads, of individuals, of properties of all kinds. He is a good judge of paintings and china and sundry antiquities in tapestry, furniture and manuscripts. He is a good judge of men, no worse judge of women than the average man—perhaps a little better judge of them than the average woman. But to find his judgment at its best you must explore his views on babies. You wouldn't think it to look in his eyes or at his huge brow or cowcatcher-like jaw when he is at the reins recovering control of a runaway stock market; but any baby who is well acquainted with him or any mother who has seen him with her baby will tell you so. And it may not be amiss here to set down an opinion: No strong bad man ever played an hour, or half an hour, or more than a Napoleon's four or five minutes, with a baby. Weak bad men may have done it, but no *strong* one. The masculine heart that can harbor malignance or deliberately planned design of evil or of reckless selfishness cannot wash itself clean enough to fit its owner for an hour as playmate of a baby.

### *The Sporty Financier Who Sang Hymns*

Not long ago a man was invited to spend a few days on the Corsair. She was lying off a New England harbor when he joined her. He had been indulging in splendid speculations as to the kind of sumptuous reveling time he would have provided for him. When he went aboard and inquired for his host one of the men said: "You'll find him in the galley." To the galley he went, and there was the presiding genius of international finance—clad in chef's white cap and apron and false sleeves—manufacturing a kind of pancake he just then thought well of—no man has the digestion long to think well of any kind of pancake or, for that matter, of pancakes in general. And after dinner they gathered about a big organ which Mr. Morgan has had built into the wall of the saloon, and sang—hymns! Mr. Morgan likes to sing hymns for two reasons. One is that he likes to sing, and hymns are good, easy, sonorous singing. The other reason recalls a story of Charles II. Some one asked the King who "never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one," what was his religion. "I," he replied, "am of the religion of all sensible men." "And what religion is it?" "That," replied Charles, "all sensible men agree not to tell." But it may be proper to say that not even Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Sage is more religious than Mr. Morgan.

In one respect Mr. Morgan is a miser: he is a greedy, grasping, fierce miser of his business time. No man lives who has lifted himself so much as a hair's breadth above his fellows that has not come to sympathize with any downpour of wrath upon time-wasters. And when a man rises to Mr. Morgan's height in affairs, when he has an important interest clamoring for every second of his time, for every grain of his brain-power, the time-waster becomes the chief plague of his life.

Mr. Morgan is of course never at leisure. There was a King once—was it Dionysius?—who, when some one said to him, "When shall you be at leisure?" answered, "Heaven forbid that that calamity should ever befall me." Mr. Morgan has been in no danger of the calamity of leisure since 1897, nor will he be again so long as there shall be life enough in him to respond to the pleadings of unemployed capital, clamoring to be advised what to do to keep itself from the decay of inactivity. He may betake himself to special express trains—bundles of telegrams will be flung upon it whenever it stops to change engines. He may fly to Europe—are there no cables, are there no millions of capital searching for employment there? The telephone will drag him from his privacy of the home, the Marconigraph will whisper into his privacy of the high seas. And Mr. Morgan's brain can't make more than sixty seconds out of a minute or more than sixty minutes out of an hour. Hence the heaviness of the time-waster's offense.

Except such time-wasters as her described at the beginning of this article, those sent upon him for his sins and to give him opportunity to plant and grow the virtue of the "man in the land of Uz whose name was Job," the worst of his time-wasters are among those associated with him in his enterprises, especially the dull rich men. They waste his time and file away his brain-power with complaints and with compliments, by acting without him when they should not, by not acting without him when they should, by executing his orders at the wrong time, by not executing his orders at the right time, and finally, and colossally, by excuses for failure.

In a recent number of Blackwood's there is an interesting, shrewd, eulogistic estimate of Kitchener, in the course of which it is said that he is absolutely brutal in his refusal ever in any circumstances to accept any excuse whatsoever for failure. In general, as any one who reads biography will note, men of large achievement have been alike in this respect. But there is a difference between the comparatively small large-men like Kitchener and the large large-men like Morgan. Both become as a consuming fire in the presence of an excuse for failure—they know that if one begins to tolerate excuses his day is done, his time will be forever thereafter taken up with listening to them. But while the leader of the Kitchener class wipes out the excuse-maker, the leader of the Morgan type consumes only the excuse-maker's weakness for self-excuse and braces the excuse-maker himself to doing better. Thus, the one kind of leader is always cursed with a new plague of excuse-makers; the other kind of leader trains his men, holds on to them, builds them up into useful agents.

That is why, although Mr. Morgan is a "difficult man to get on with," "*almost* impossible," he is not altogether impossible; is, on the contrary, less and less impossible to each man with increasing length of service. They call it "getting used to Morgan"—what an interesting collection could be made of the phrases men invent to save or to soothe their vanity! The truth, of course, is that they grow under Morgan's not gentle but most invigorating licking-into-shape.

Mr. Morgan's most striking characteristic is his supreme independence of all men whatsoever.

There are two reasons for this almost unprecedented independence:

First, he makes enemies only among the most timid, least vindictive of the human species.

Many men are deferentially called—usually by the shallow—masters of millions. Mr. Morgan is not so much a master of millions as he is a Master of Millionaires, master of those so-called masters of millions who are so often the cringing slaves of their millions. Some of them have excellent financial brains; others have only millions inherited or millions accidental before which they stand or squat, agape and dazed. But, whether able and rich or rich only, almost all are timid—pitifully, incurably timid; the richer, the timider.

Mr. Morgan deals in the main with the millions of incapable men and with the surplus millions of clever men who are too busy taking in money at the sources of their wealth to attend personally to the investment and direction of their surplus. He has succeeded in winning the blind confidence of the one class, the intelligent confidence of the other. Both are alike dependent upon him.

The second reason for Mr. Morgan's independence of foe or friend or fate is that he does not care for money.

You rarely see estimates of his fortune, and they are always careless, languid guesses. You never hear his name spoken when the conversation turns on mere millions. Morgan's personality looms titanic beside his pygmy fortune—and would it not loom as large were his fortune many times as great as it is?

It is believed that he has recently made up his mind to put by no more money, but to spend all he makes—to spend it upon art collections and hospitals and other educational and philanthropic enterprises, public or semi-public. Certain it is that he had been disdainfully careless of his own money-making opportunities. It has been said of the Romans in their day of glory that they were great not by reason of what they had but by reason of what they gave; that it was their pride to remain poor yet to be the masters of kings, the donors of kingdoms. Some such spirit seems to possess Mr. Morgan. He might have had millions on millions—as many as he cared to bear away. You remember the fable of the lion and the rest of the animals—how they went hunting together and brought down a stag; how, when the time for division came, the lion advanced, laid a paw upon the stag and said: "I divide this stag into three parts. The first is mine as my share of the prey. The second is mine as King of Beasts. As for the third, let him take it who dares!"

Mr. Morgan might have assumed such a rôle—with excellent chances for a large measure of success. But with a largeness that bespeaks superior intellect and inferior appetites, and that rebukes the crawling covetousness of wealth for wealth's sake, he disdainfully left the bulk of the quarry to his fellow-huntsmen, reserving only enough to maintain for him wholesome and necessary security, respect and dread. They are obtainable in only one way in the company he keeps; no poor man, however able, could have them there. He has put by powder and shell to charge his big guns should others cease to bring him ammunition or conspire to dethrone him.

# LORD CURZON

## By Sydney Brooks

### THE RECORD OF THREE YEARS OF TIRELESS, DISTINCTIVE AND BRILLIANT WORK

THE recent Grand Durbar at Delhi, in which all England was keenly interested, was something more than a great Imperial pageant. It was intended to symbolize, and it did symbolize, the accession of King Edward VII as Emperor of India. That was an event which touched the Oriental imagination to a degree we hardly realize. All Indians of whatever race or creed hold true to the cardinal virtue of the East—loyalty to the hand that gives them salt; and loyalty with them takes inevitably a personal form and fastens on a personal object. But the Grand Durbar did not mean all that it might. The Emperor was not there; neither was the Heir Apparent. Lord Curzon did all he could to persuade King Edward to be crowned in person, but His Majesty felt obliged to decline, not because he was unwilling to go or feared the physical strain, but simply because of the immense dislocation of public business that would be caused by his absence for so long a time. The Prince of Wales was kept at home by the condition of his wife's health, and though no doubt the Duke of Connaught represented the King, as the London papers put it, "with all the charm and dignity that belong by nature to the English royal family," still the fact that the Duke is not in direct succession to the throne robs the Coronation ceremony of much of its picturesqueness and most of its inner meaning. Even so, the Grand Durbar had its significance and its uses. Among other things it marked the crowning point of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty.

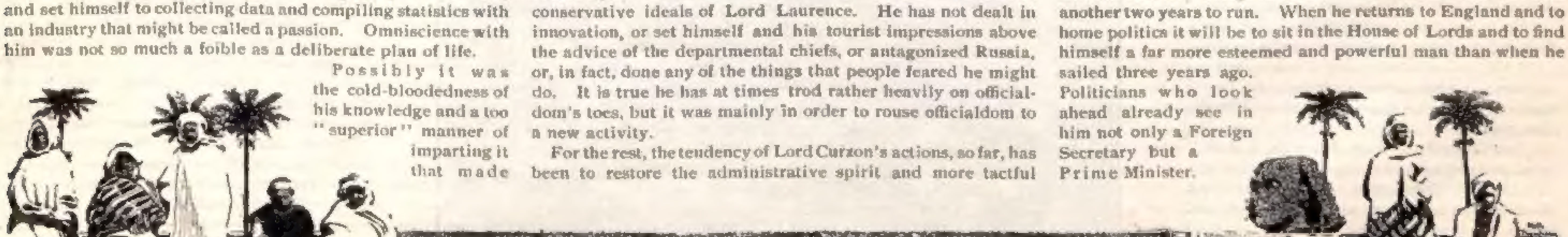
Lord Curzon, it is agreed on all hands, has made an excellent Viceroy of India—indeed, so excellent that it is now almost difficult to understand the ominous head-shakings that greeted his appointment in the fall of 1899. At that time people in England thought and spoke of Lord Curzon as a sort of brilliant schoolboy. Something of precocious immaturity seemed to hang round his manner and deliverances in the House of Commons. He had taken, as every one knew, an immensity of trouble to fit himself for public life; had traveled widely and intelligently, especially in the East; knew everybody worth knowing, had seen everything, "written most of the books and abstracted the rest," as a perverse opponent once remarked in the heat of debate. As the son of a peer, born in the purple and looking upon office as a birthright, he might have advanced to a high position by simply letting it be known that he expected promotion. But that was not Lord Curzon's way. From the time he went up to Balliol he devoured Blue Books as though they were novels, and set himself to collecting data and compiling statistics with an industry that might be called a passion. Omniscience with him was not so much a foible as a deliberate plan of life.

Possibly it was the cold-bloodedness of his knowledge and a too "superior" manner of imparting it that made people a little skeptical. Mr. Curzon used to sweep away all criticism with the exasperating dogmatism of the man who had been there and ought to know. The youthful minister seemed to have a kindly contempt for all people who had traveled less than he had, interviewed fewer princes and potentates, or were not so well primed as he with local knowledge. Now and then it almost appeared from his speeches as though Mr. Curzon thought himself personally responsible for the peace of Europe. The papers chaffed him unmercifully, and altogether it was difficult to take him quite seriously or do justice to the accuracy of mind and knowledge that lay beneath his airy mannerisms. There was a great deal of interest felt in his appointment to the Viceroyalty as well as not a little mistrust. Mr. Curzon up to that time had not impressed England as precisely the man to be intrusted with the government of 300,000,000 people, especially at a crisis when war, plague and famine had put a hard strain on their loyalty to the British Raj. With some his youth—he is still only forty-three—counted adversely.

But now, after three years' trial, it seems that Lord Salisbury knew his man. Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, is a distinct improvement on Mr. Curzon, the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. His policy, so far from being rash and provocative, has shown an inclination toward the safer and more conservative ideals of Lord Laurence. He has not dealt in innovation, or set himself and his tourist impressions above the advice of the departmental chiefs, or antagonized Russia, or, in fact, done any of the things that people feared he might do. It is true he has at times trod rather heavily on officialdom's toes, but it was mainly in order to rouse officialdom to a new activity.

For the rest, the tendency of Lord Curzon's actions, so far, has been to restore the administrative spirit and more tactful methods of the sixties. At the same time he has shown himself a bold, practical and imaginative ruler. He piloted India through a severe famine with a coolness and discretion and a respect for native customs that saved England from many of the overzealous blunders of '97. He has organized a new frontier province, and largely modified the Forward Policy that he used to defend with so much earnestness and wealth of local color in the House of Commons. He has effected, too, many administrative reforms. He found India half-strangled in statistics, the Secretariat calling for more and more reports, the Civil Service threatening to decline into a grandiose information bureau. He at once cut down by nearly half the number of reports that the Collectors are required to send in to Simla. He encouraged them to trust more to themselves, to mix as freely as they used to do with the natives, and to rule less by mechanical system than by the force of personal ascendency. In a word, he has made an effort to revive the old patriarchal régime, and to include sympathy and popularity among the objects at which government should aim. On all such subjects as the absenteeism and dissipated lives of the native princes, and the condition of the Eurasians, he has spoken with a level-headed directness and vigor very far removed from the amiable nothings of the average Viceroy. He may, in fact, be called the first Viceroy, just as Mr. Chamberlain is the first Colonial Secretary, with a policy of his own.

Besides all this Lord Curzon has immensely furthered the work of irrigation, has remodeled the educational system, has done much to revive the old native industries and especially—this at Lady Curzon's request—the old native arts, has largely freed the peasantry of the Punjab from debt, has reduced the cable charges between India and England, and forwarded in all ways the conversion of the country to a gold standard. This is the record of three years of tireless, distinctive and brilliant work. Lord Curzon is not afraid to rule, even, when necessary, as an autocrat. He has shown a fine imaginative sense of the Oriental nature in at least two of its manifold aspects—its desire for strong, direct leadership and its instinct for the ceremonial side of government. His tours through the provinces were the longest and most imposing that any Viceroy has ever made; and he made the Grand Durbar at Delhi a splendid and inspiring pageant, the fame and magnificence of which will be talked over for generations in every village of India. His term of office has still another two years to run. When he returns to England and to home politics it will be to sit in the House of Lords and to find himself a far more esteemed and powerful man than when he sailed three years ago. Politicians who look ahead already see in him not only a Foreign Secretary but a Prime Minister.



# A MEASURE OF WHEAT

PHOTO. BY BOWMAN, PENDLETON, OREGON

THE MARKET BECAME SURFEITED WITH WHEAT

## By Edgar L. Hampton

"NO, SIR," said old man Keating in conclusion; "there are just two fellows my girl can't marry with my consent: that's a preacher and a school-teacher. I know it's pretty hard on you, Richard, but wheat's my business — not love. You remember that smart young Andrews that held revival meetings in the schoolhouse down by the Yamhill last winter? Well, he wanted Helen the worst way, though I've always thought he wanted my twelve hundred acres of wheat land worse. They were in college together down at the Willamette, you know. But he was a preacher, and that let him out. You're a school-teacher, and as far as I can see that lets you out — though upon my word I'm sorry. Now, if there was any excuse ——" he hesitated, trying in his rough way to be kind; "but there ain't," he added, and tightening the reins over the back of his high-headed roadster, he put one foot on the buggy step and looked at the petitioner over his shoulder.

The young man turned away with a bitter, half-defeated look on his face, but at a second thought recalled himself to say: "I want you to understand, Mr. Keating, that I haven't asked you for your farm, and don't want it. I *have* asked for your daughter, merely as an act of courtesy. I'll marry her anyhow at the finish," he added defiantly, under his breath.

"Eh? Don't want the farm?" The old man was a little deaf, but he caught every word that pertained directly to wheat.

"Well, I don't say you do. But you know the man that gets Helen gets the farm along with her, and me and Sarah thrown in, for that matter. Mind, now, young man, it ain't that I don't like you, personally. And I'll admit that you're bright, and chuck-full o' diplomys. But you're one of them pesky young Easterners that come into the valley with a whoop and a hurrah and change things. The country's always been good enough for me just as it is. I'm ready to let well enough alone. I ain't got any respect for your diplomys, an' I consider the years you spent a-gettin' 'em as so much time wasted. They don't have anything to do with the price of Oregon wheat. I want a man to marry Helen that can go right on here a-raisin' wheat, as I've been doin' for more than thirty years. You couldn't do that." And the old man climbed into the buggy.

"I'm not so sure that I couldn't raise wheat if I set my head to it, Mr. Keating," insisted the young man, in a longing effort to put off the inevitable. "My college work was intended as a basis for business. I——"

"Well, you'll have to show me," tartly declared the other, gathering up the laprobe.

"I was about to add that I was raised on an Iowa wheat farm," replied the young man hotly. "I've done a few strokes at the plow myself."

"You'd ought to 'a' stayed with it, then," remarked old man Keating shortly; "that's all I know." And buttoning the duster about his throat he drove out of the barnyard and down the maple-lined roadway toward Sheridan.

But as he turned out of the driveway into the Sheridan and Willamina road he held his horse down to a sober walk and reflected.

AND WHERE THEY PASSED THE STUBBLE WAS THICKLY STREWN WITH SACKS OF WHEAT

He was the wealthiest farmer in the Willamette Valley within a radius of twenty miles — and that was saying a good deal. But he wasn't thinking of that. Everybody knew that. Neither was he thinking in particular of the handsome young man who had just had the temerity to ask for the succession to his acres, though it must be admitted that this had, in a manner, directed his thoughts. He was thinking of the girl — his little wayward Helen — who, after she had finished the public schools, at the uncertain age of fifteen, had come to him, one day when he was out among the cattle, with the modest request of a term of years in one of the up-valley colleges. He remembered with satisfaction how he had denied her petition and, towering up in the full strength of his acknowledged authority, had told her to go back to her dishwashing, thinking there would be an end of it; and that, a year later, he remembered with some chagrin she had come a second time, set her dainty little foot down, and amid a storm of passion declared she just would go. And then, the great show of temerity suddenly forsaking her, she had tumbled into his arms weeping and begging and kissing, till he had rushed away in consternation to the bank and drawn five hundred dollars as a starter.

The old man smiled to himself at the thought of it. It did him good to remember how the girl had outdone him. After all, she was his daughter — she ought to be shrewd. She certainly got it from no stranger. However, he deeply deplored what he considered the undeniable evidence of degeneracy in the race when a daughter of his, after all his careful training, had developed, at the tender age of fifteen, a love for books, newspapers and society stronger than that she entertained for dishwashing and the garden-hoe.

Old man Keating was one among the thousands whom the Government Donation Land Law of the 'sixties, which gave to every man of family six hundred and forty acres of the free rich loam of the Willamette Valley — hardly enough to repay the imminent dangers of the journey — had enticed with ox-teams across the plains to Oregon.

John Keating's first business deal had been put through then and there when he laid his plan before a certain young lady. The young lady soon thereafter became Mrs. John Keating. Together they had traveled the long months, driving a few milch-cows before them, to settle in the broad, open prairie, near what afterward became the town of Sheridan.

But that was near half a century ago, when apples were fifteen dollars a box and ginghams could not be had at any price. But wheat — well, John Keating began to raise dollar wheat. With hundreds of others who were first on the ground he made a fortune out of dollar wheat. He bought another section joining his first, and then began to bank his money.

In the course of twenty-five years came a new population, and it was distinctive. An energetic, restless, business people in the East had received a tip, and they came like a flight of hungry locusts, increasing year by year. Cities sprang up everywhere, ships ran into every seaport and steamboats plowed all the rivers.

The new populace gobbled up the remaining land running far out into the fertile foothills; they purchased everything available for mill, factory and town sites; they laid hold of the reins of government, to the very considerable disgust of the first inhabitants.

Then the world's market became surfeited with wheat, prices dropped, and the hard times that will always be known as the crisis of American farm life came to Oregon. There was a shortage of crops in the Argentine Republic, a large firm failed in London, American currency was contracted, confidence became shaken, investments were drawn in, the United States issued bonds to defray government expenses in time of peace instead of levying taxes, and within two years the Willamette Valley farmer was selling wheat at forty cents. A year later those who were forced to sold at thirty-five cents, and the fall of 1897 found thirty cents the prevailing price of wheat throughout the country.

This is why old man Keating, as he drove down the Willamina road, looking complacently from right to left upon his own flocks and herds grazing in the fields, and his own lands stretching out mile upon mile, corrugated with fences, saw also, here and there, as far as the smoky horizon on either side, occasional red or brown painted granaries, bursting with Oregon legal-tender. The farmers were storing their wheat. Old man Keating himself had one hundred thousand bushels packed in bins. But it was thirty-cent wheat, notwithstanding. And so, as the old gentleman rode on down the dusty roadway in the smoky atmosphere of the October afternoon, with the weight of so much wheat on his mind and an interminable bank account troubling his conscience, he forgot the girl and the young man, and inwardly groaned at the burden of the fearfully hard times.

The young man with the dazed, far-away look in his eyes came to himself with a

THE WAREHOUSES WERE ALREADY BURSTING WITH FULLNESS

start, and saw that the sun was tipping well down over the Coast mountains, and that the yard-full of maples cast their shadows eastward half a mile. He felt the wooing breath of the sea-wind upon his cheek, and fiercely pulling himself together, crossed the road toward the house.

As he opened the gate there was a flash of red ribbons among the cedars, a rustling of skirts, and a glint of sunlight upon a crown of gold hair.

"Well, Dick, what is it to be, peace or war?" The girl came up close and peered cautiously into his face. "Oh, I can see by your look it's war."

"You have spared me the pain of telling you," he said sententiously; "your father says 'nix'."

"Oh, I was afraid papa would," she said. "It's just like him for all the world. But he——"

"Yes, he thinks I'm a nice fellow—a bright fellow, but he doesn't want me and my 'diplomys' in the family.

"He's got it in for every man that didn't come to the country with an ox-team. He kicks me out because he calls me progressive; primarily, however, because in an effort to get at something more to my liking I'm filling up my time, though not necessarily my pocketbook, with teaching district school instead of raising wheat."

"Oh, it's too bad," cried the girl. "But you mustn't accuse the whole family. We're not to blame because papa grew up with the country and is crazy on wheat. We're not to blame because there is a school in our district for somebody to teach, either, though I am in part to blame," she admitted shyly, "for securing a boarding-place for the teacher. But don't you worry, Dick. Papa's like the Chinook. He's liable to blow pretty steady in one direction for several days, but he's just as sure to change in the end. He makes a big bluster, but he doesn't run everything hereabout, even though mamma and I do sometimes humor him by letting him think so."

"He thinks I ought to be able to buy Foster's thousand acres on the west before I'm eligible," complained the young man, "and I suppose I should. However, at present it's my wit against his wisdom."

Then there was a clatter of hoofs, a flourish of whip, a flash of wheels, and a man in a buggy pulled up at the gate.

"Howdy," he shouted, waving his hand with a broad sweep. "Folks all well? I thought so. Pa gone t' town? You don't say! Thought I seed tracks comin' out o' th' gate. Fine day, ain't it? But need rain bad fer plowin'. *Ghk! ghk! ghk!* Giddap, Fan." And he disappeared down the road in a cloud of dust.

"That's Furious Foster," the girl said, laughing.

"Yes," he admitted ironically. "The man I'm to buy out before I'm eligible."

Old man Keating plumed himself upon his shrewd insight. But for all their two years' acquaintance he had not properly sounded the metal of the young man who taught the Keating district school.

Now Richard Morrison was a product of the Middle-West. But in his twenty-first year he had unwittingly assisted history to repeat herself in a small way for the millionth time by joining the throng of vigorous, restless young men who seek illusive Fortune on the North Pacific Coast. Richard was careful, thoughtful, and unusually quick to see an opening. Old man Keating's judgment never fell into greater error than when he called him a mere school-teacher.

That evening after supper Mrs. Keating rocked gently to and fro on the broad front porch, reading in her religious weekly an argument favorable to the Spanish-American War. The family disposed themselves in various attitudes about her.

"Now, ain't that sad!" she exclaimed sympathetically, looking up from the newspaper. "Just listen to this." And she began to read again:

Prospective Famine in Russia
Thousands Already Destitute
A General Scarcity of Wheat Feared in All European Countries
Women Selling in India at Forty Cents a Head
A Fearful Time is Anticipated

"There's a whole long article about it. And only think, our granaries bursting with thirty-cent wheat and here we are powerless to help!"

"I'll give them every bushel I've got at thirty-five cents," said old man Keating, rousing up from a doze as the magic word wheat tickled him back into semi-consciousness. "That I consider a downright liberal offer. And another thing! If anybody feels disposed to go into the humane society business I'll rent my whole farm to 'im for the next year for five dollars an acre, cash when the grain's sold, or by Christmas—that's all I know," and the old man settled back again into a half-doze, satisfied that he had now performed the extent of his obligations to the heathen.

Miss Keating looked at Richard and smiled. "Catch papa renting those wheat fields," she said. "Why, he'd rather sell ma than that!"

The young man sat silently exhaling long slim funnels of smoke from his cigar. He appeared to be intently watching an infinitesimal speck in the Amity Hills, thirty miles away.

Presently he stood up, groping with his hands about him as if feeling for something more in his mind than within his physical grasp. His gaze wandered to Helen's face.

She was watching him intently from under half-closed lids. But he did not see her. He was still groping.

Presently his glances alighted upon the face of Mrs. Keating, who was still reading with a troubled look.

"Let me see the paper, please," he said.

She passed it to him and he sat down with it, absently reading and not reading, over and over again:

Famine in Russia . . .
Women Selling at Forty Cents in India

Long after that evening he remembered what an indescribable horror that sentence created in his breast.

The paper had lain half an hour at his feet.

Presently he picked it up and mechanically handed it back to Mrs. Keating with thanks. He found his hat, pulled it down hard over his face, and groped out to the gate, across the fields into the interminable stubble, and on into the night.

When he returned to the house it was long after midnight. He lighted a lamp and wrote a letter to a friend in Chicago.

PHOTO. BY BOWMAN, PENDLETON, OREGON

THE FARMERS WERE STORING THEIR WHEAT, . . .
BUT IT WAS THIRTY-CENT WHEAT, NOTWITHSTANDING

Then he extinguished the light, but immediately relighted it and burned the letter. He then sat down and rewrote the letter, addressed, stamped and sealed it, blew out the light and threw himself upon the bed, forgetting to remove his clothes.

The next morning old man Keating spilled a cup of coffee in his lap. It was all on account of a statement made by the school-teacher.

The school-teacher had said: "To-day is Saturday and I'm going down to Sheridan to raise the money necessary to rent your farm for the next year, in accordance with your proposal of last night. I take it you threw out that bait to me, Mr. Keating, to test my temper. I accept your proposition and shall be ready to close with you this evening. I also feel from the bottom of my heart for those poor people starving in India, and I should like an option on your hundred thousand bushels of wheat at the figure named. I may be able to raise a subscription and send it to them."

"Yer a blanked idjit," shouted the old man wildly. "Let the heathen take care of himself. I'll rent you my farm," he added, "if you make me suitable terms; but you can't have my wheat for no thirty-five cents. That was yesterday, and my price has gone up. But I'll tell you what I will do"—the spirit of traffic was rising up strong within him—"I'll call it forty cents and a go—though it's my opinion you're a stark, starin' idjit," he added under his breath.

The young man smiled. His eyebrows narrowed shrewdly. "If you'll split the difference I'll consider it," he said.

"Not a cent less," shouted the old man, all excitement. "One hundred thousand bushels, no more and no less, and at forty cents—I don't have to sell!"

"Wheat is only thirty cents now, and I won't consider it at forty, but I ask an option at thirty-eight," urged the young man firmly. And the deal was left open.

When Richard returned that night he brought with him a thousand dollars, his own savings, and a promise of credit at the Sheridan Bank on his personal note and a mortgage on the crop, less rentals, for whatever he might require up to ten thousand dollars.

After splitting hairs till near midnight, old man Keating signed the lease for one year and then went out by the well in the moonlight and called himself a "tarnel ol' fool."

On his return to the house Richard went at him diligently, with the money spread out on the table between them, and under this talismanic influence the old man, loosening up in a manner to astonish the entire household, offered him a six-months' option at thirty-eight cents. Then Richard proposed to buy with a thousand-dollar deposit, and one year's time on the balance at five per cent. interest. They finally compromised at thirty-eight cents, and six per cent., signed the contract, and Richard paid over the money.

That night the rain came. Gentle, insinuating at first, a few great drops here and there; then faster and faster on the parched roofs and dust-laden leaves, like the patter of shot, or the rattling roll of a drum calling to action.

For a week the rain continued intermittently, saturating the earth. Then team followed team in long, sober procession into the fields; steam plows puffed noisily out of summer retreats, and the fall breaking began.

Richard Morrison pulled off his coat and went to work. By the conditions of his contract he was to have the use of all stock and farm implements and he had retained the hired men. Arrangements were readily made for a substitute to finish his term of school; and Richard's time was soon fully occupied with the work in hand.

As autumn waned into winter, and the long, level stretches of valley became dim with mist and rain, there was an enforced leisure, and the weight of the responsibility he had undertaken grew upon him until it assumed at times the haunting, ghostly shape of failure. But he was used to thinking much and keeping his own counsel. His temperament was such that, once thoroughly in the race, he was willing to stand for all by his own judgment. "If my business training is ever to stand me in hand, now is the time," he thought fiercely, and went ahead.

Through it all he made just one confidant—Helen. He had disclosed his great scheme to her—had evolved his theory with its different international influences, sitting all one windy winter evening by the kitchen fire with the slant rain coming against the windows, and the Chinook singing through the tree-tops like lost dryads, and she, in full sympathy with his plans—since they two had conspired to make common cause against the designs of an arrogant old man—had clapped her hands in delighted admiration, but had been frightened at his daring. However, with all her secret apprehensions she was too tactful a little woman ever to dream of discouraging him with a word about failure. Instead, there were small schemes and conspiracies innumerable — long buggy rides to night entertainments at Lafayette and Newberg, with return trips the next day, to help fill in the lapse of time. Then Susie Terrill, Charles Fairbury and other college friends came up to the farm for a week at a stretch, when the big, old house would ring from moss-grown roof to basement with shouts and music, with the clatter and lisp of feet and the banging of doors, till Mrs. Keating would stop in the middle of the floor and hold up both her hands in feigned dismay. All these days the rain pounded intermittently against the outside of the windows.

Spring came with its west winds, its bud of promise, and found the young farmer in shirt and denim overalls, making plank fence and watching the market.

He had subscribed for the Daily Oregonian, an act which curled old man Keating's lip in scorn, for old man Keating persistently refused to read a newspaper, considering the practice an evidence of weakness. But the markets were in the Oregonian, and a great deal of news about famines abroad and the menace of pending war at home.

That spring of '98 was in many respects the hardest one known in the latter history of the valley. Orchards were laden with bloom; the sun kissed health into the hop vines; the earth was a veritable carpet of waving, tossing wheat; but prices were hopelessly out at the bottom. Hop buyers came through the country contracting for the season's yield at six cents, and they did business. Portland shippers looked blue over the prospect of tons of green fruit that had already begun to split the trees all over the valley. And wheat lay dead at thirty cents. It had not moved for months.

There was just one big wave that threw up a spray along the Oregon coast that spring. When Richard read in the papers, with great scareheads and illustrations, about the blowing up of the Maine in Havana Harbor and the imminence of war, he rushed at Helen, who was beating a cake in the kitchen, and gave her such an embrace as startled her out of returning him the customary cuff on the ear.

"What did you do that for, Mister?" she demanded threateningly.

"Why!" he shouted, "the Spaniards have blown up the Maine at Havana; we're sure to have war!"

"You heartless beast!" declared the girl. "I suppose you're going to enlist at once. In fact, I hope you do."

"No, I'm not; but don't you see?"

"No, I don't see."

"No? Oh, of course not. You're only a woman." And he grabbed his hat, and made out of the house and up on to the hill where there was more air and room.

Then the current of affairs ran desperately low again in the valley. The sorrows of a famine abroad were eclipsed by the prospect of war at home. But Oregon was so far removed from the seat of activity at Washington that her farmers felt only an indifferent concern. Moreover, their chief interest was centred around the price of wheat and prunes, and these gave forth no sign. So the "ranchers" drove listlessly up and down the valley, stopped and talked long to each other, leaning upon the fences, anxious to realize upon their crops, but obstinately waiting for the world's market to move first.

They were gloomy days for Richard Morrison. When he thought of the hundred thousand bushels of wheat that lay dead, eight cents below the purchase price, and the intolerably heavy expenses of the crop that were upon his shoulders, he was almost distraught.

And then he saw, perhaps for the first time in his life, the true mission of woman, and had the first sweet taste of a love that stands by a man in trouble.

"Don't worry, Dick, dear; I *know* it will all come out right." That was all she could give him just then — that and her looks. But what, truly, could have been more eloquently convincing?

He was encouraged for nearly a week. He read everything pertaining to the famine in Europe and the plenty in America. He hung with almost breathless suspense upon the actions of Congress, and chafed fearfully under the President's delay. Then he began to doubt the wisdom of his great enterprise, and even questioned his own sense.

Finally, in despair, he dashed off a telegram.

He awaited an answer just three days. Then a messenger came pounding up the Sheridan road, bringing a cloud of dust with him — and a telegram. Richard broke the seal and read, under a Chicago date line:

> RICHARD MORRISON, Sheridan, Oregon:
> Wheat on the jump. Buy quick. Hold for advance. J. C. K.

It was evening. She was coming down the path toward him, he knew she was. He could see her, and the roses at her throat with the spray of dogwood bloom. Her face was looking at him as in a dream. The glint of sunlight was on her gold hair.

"Helen," he said, holding out the bit of paper. Something in his throat was choking him.

She took the telegram, read, and dropped it upon the grass.

"My own Richard," she said, and put her two hands caressingly upon his face, but tears were in her eyes as she spoke. "My Richard is *always* right. I knew it would all come true."

That day Congress had declared war against Spain.

All over the valley the green billows were changing to brown. A new life was in the country. Farmers drove a little faster — excepting Furious Foster, who couldn't possibly — talked a little brisker and not so long. The buzz and boom of traffic were everywhere; everywhere men were doubly occupied in putting in canvas drapers, and tightening nuts on headers and harvesters.

Old man Keating generously assisted Richard and the hired men with their work. The drivers swung out their long whips over the twenty-four-horse teams and drove the harvesters into the field. The sun came down hot upon the horses' backs and there was a continual swish, swash of wheat and the thud of heavy bags of grain from morning till late at night. One after another they went along the solid banks of standing grain, and where they passed the stubble was thickly strewn with sacks of wheat. Men with teams followed after, gathering up the yield and transporting it to the railroad for shipment. And they could not be too diligent to suit present needs; for every day saw prices advanced.

Through it all Richard kept a watchful eye on business. The newspapers assisted him to keep his finger continually upon the world's pulse. Telegrams came every day from Chicago, and his own special messenger brought them to him on swift hoof.

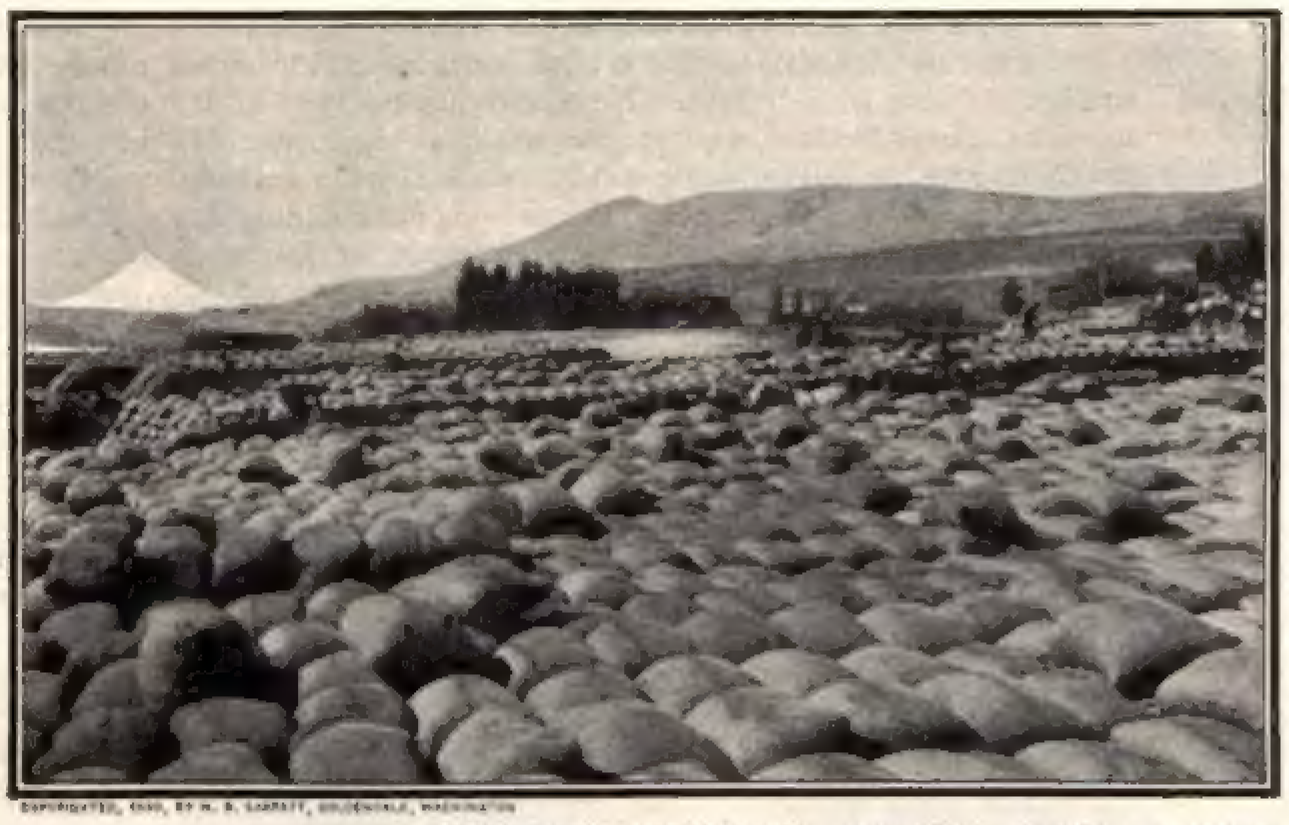
Before the first day of the threshing every available team had been detailed to haul the stored grain to the warehouses, and bank it, against pending emergencies. At the end of the tenth day the harvesters took up the line of march out of the field, and Richard knew that his thousand acres had yielded him just forty thousand bushels of yellow wheat.

He now set about with feverish interest to watch the market. A dizzy success had already evolved out of his first crude plan; but there was yet a possibility of losing all. "Here's where my strategy must avail," he said to himself, and went to laying plans.

And he made a fair beginning. That same evening as he stood by the front gate he saw a cloud of dust and knew that Furious Foster was coming up the road.

Foster saluted with a broad, circumspect sweep of his arm. His horse was trotting low, under whip. Evidently he had not intended to tarry.

"Hold on there," shouted Richard, in despair of bringing him to a halt. "I want to know what you will take for that farm of yours. Heard it was for sale."


UPON THE RIVER-BANK APPEARED ACRES OF SACKS

"Fifty thousand dollars," yelled Furious Foster back at him, cracking his whip. "Late fer supper. Can't stop. Wheat's still a-rizzin'" — and he was gone.

Richard had entered into negotiations with the warehouse dealers. His grain was all delivered and he stood ready to close the deal at a moment's notice. As for the warehouses, they had long since refused to contain the grain that had been thrust at them. They were already bursting with fullness, and upon the river-bank appeared acres of sacks, piled into huge pyramids.

The price had already gone to ninety-five cents. But when so many thousand bushels are at stake the careful farmer can do no better than to consider the fractions.

Richard's faith in his friend on the inside of the Chicago market was unbounded. At the last he felt, somehow, that the work must be quick. So he stayed in Sheridan day and night, stopping at the hotel, with an eye on the telegraph office.

Wheat had now gone to ninety-nine cents. Men were selling all about him, and Richard's ears were besieged with free advice from "ranchers" who knew wheat better than they did their own wives. But Richard trusted to his understanding of the situation, and, though the suspense was great, still he waited.

Then suddenly one morning the market jumped to one dollar and five, and everybody gasped.

The young man almost staggered that morning as he got into the railway station; and his eyes fed hungrily upon the little electric instruments that seemed so busy talking around the world.

That afternoon it came, ticking over the wires in the smoky little box of an office.

The operator mechanically reached over the counter and handed him the paper with a knowing smile.

"I guess you're 'it,'" he said.

Richard caught the precious scrap out of the man's hands, and his eyes fairly burned into it as he read:

> RICHARD MORRISON, Sheridan:
> Market full; sell quick. J. C. K.

Three minutes later he was at the desk of the elevator company and within thirty minutes he was stuffing the drafts for the full amount of wheat into his pocket.

The next day the market was steady at ninety-eight cents.

That evening as the family sat on the front porch enjoying the luxury of midsummer-time, old man Keating was interrupted, in a careful perusal of the market reports in the daily paper — he had lately acquired some degree of the daily paper habit — by the young man who used to be a school-teacher.

"Mr. Keating," he remarked, after a reflective silence, "what price do you place upon your farm?"

Old man Keating peered cautiously at the speaker over the rim of his paper, pretending not to see him, before he finally answered. He had long since learned to expect the usually unexpected from this young man.

Then he put down the paper. "Land and improvements," he said — "though I'm not anxious to sell — I've always held at sixty thousand dollars, cash. Why, have you a buyer?"

"That price will be satisfactory to me, sir," replied Richard promptly, emphasizing the pronoun. "My only condition will be that you put in the girl." There was a twinkle in his eye, but the old man did not see it.

The girl blushed beautifully.

Old man Keating squared around at his adversary with a fierce look. "Yes, I guess yer at yer same old tricks ag'in, ain't yuh, young man?" he urged severely.

"No, sir," replied Richard; "it's a plain business proposition: a question of girls, farms and wheat. If I have to buy the farm to get the girl, why, I guess I can do it. I'm in dead earnest."

The old man's face assumed a comical look of defeat. "Well, I s'pose you'd better take the girl," he said at last. "I don't care so much about that; she seems to rather like you. But you can't have the farm," he added emphatically. "Nobody can't beat me out of a roof to die under in my old age — not when I've got all my faculties."

"Do you think you've got 'em all, Pa?" inquired the girl mischievously.

But old man Keating paid no attention to her. Though temporarily defeated, he still had his sign out for business. He scratched his head as if an entirely new thought were just taking root inside of it, though, in fact, what he had in mind had been there for months, ever since the crops began to head, and Furious Foster had come by and said that wheat had "riz."

"Let me see," he said; "there's neighbor Foster's thousand acres that jines me on the west. His boy has got a big claim up in Klondike and he wants the old man to come up and help develop it. So Foster told me the other day if any one come nosin' 'round he might sell. Said he'd take fifty thousand dollars at a pinch. Why don't ye buy that? We might work the two together."

When Dick and Helen were married at Christmas a throng of college young folk were present and the house was full of people.

The next day they all drove to Sheridan in carriages to see them take the train for a little trip to the East, which was one of the diverse conspiracies hatched the past winter while wheat was thirty cents, and only now to be realized.

The laughing young people threw old shoes and slippers after them, and old man Foster pulled off his boot and threw it — and he could well afford to, even at the imminent risk of never getting it back again, for hadn't he just sold his farm to them and got the money?

But that other accompaniment of a wedding journey, that other harbinger of good luck, which they threw all over the happy couple, all over the seats and even in at the windows after the train had started, was not rice at all; it was wheat.

# A PECULIAR PEOPLE

### By Rebecca Harding Davis

WHEN I was young, although I lived in a slave State, chance threw me from time to time in the way of some of the leading Abolitionists, the men and women who then were busied in sowing the seeds whose deadly outgrowth was the Civil War.

To make you understand them we need not discuss the great issue which tore the country asunder. But I must remind you that they were for years a small band, a Peculiar People. The great majority of Northerners, a large minority of Southerners, including many slave owners, recognized slavery as an evil and hoped to free the country from it by gradual and legal methods. But these Radicals would not temporize nor wait. "Abolish the evil now; cut out the cancer now, at any cost," they cried.

It would be impossible for the young people of to-day to understand the fury of zeal which fired this little band, or the hate and horror with which they were regarded in the South. We have grown more tolerant nowadays, both as to beliefs and individuals, and, it may be, more indifferent to great issues. We suffer any man now openly to exploit his opinions; whether he preach anarchy or monarchy, heathen gods or no God, his worst punishment is a shrug of contempt

But in the fifties the Abolitionist crossed Mason and Dixon's line at the peril of his life. His errand was supposed to be either abduction or murder.

Now, however, the grandchildren of these hot-blooded, warring folk in both South and North are curious to know what the men were like on either side who fought the war.

It is a natural curiosity. Even the heroes of the old Greek legend whose hate was so strong that their souls went on fighting for four days after their bodies were dead, must surely, after a few years of leisurely rest in Hades, have felt a curiosity as to what kind of men their enemies really were, and have suspected that they might have been good fellows, after all.

Some such late rueful doubt is stirring now in the hearts of the old foes, and warming them to a wholesome, friendly heat.

#### *The Little Touch that Made the Whole Sect "Queer"*

I have been asked to sketch such of the early Abolitionists as I knew. It must be in silhouette only. The inattentive eyes of a young girl could not discern depths of character or heights of motive.

I certainly never found the mark of Cain on their foreheads which their fire-eating neighbors declared was there; nor did I see the "aureoled brows of warrior saints," which Lowell and Whittier sang. They were men and women, all alike fired with one idea — the freedom of the slave. They preached it, they prayed for it, in season and out of season. They would not eat sugar nor wear cotton. Some of them gave up God Himself because He had tolerated slavery. They were generally regarded as madmen running about with a blazing torch to destroy their neighbors' homes. But their frenzy was usually recognized as an unselfish madness. They certainly gained nothing by carrying the torch. No man was ever more relentlessly denounced or ostracized than the Abolitionist, even in the North.

To make a truthful picture of them I must confess that apart from this common uplifting motive there was in every man and woman of the little sect a touch of eccentricity, no matter what their station or breeding. They were always, in popular opinion, "queer." It was the old story of Doctor Johnson's twenty cups of tea, of Shelley's paper boats, or Jean Paul's soiled jacket. The man who rebels against an established rule, from Abraham to Paderewski, wears his hair down his back. The man who makes war upon the world's great ordinances almost always picks a quarrel with its harmless little habits, even decencies. When the Florentine noble dared want and death to bring the sacred fire from the Holy Sepulchre to the altar of his little church at home, he preached an immortal lesson to the world. But why need he have ridden with his face to the horse's tail, so that the common people called him "Pazzi"— fool?

Why, because these good folk wanted to free the slave, should they refuse to cut their beards, or to eat meat, or have run after new kinds of fantastic medicines or cookery or religions? But so it is. Your chivalric reformer, your holy saint, almost invariably fights obstinately about some absurd trifle, which makes the purblind public call him Pazzi. You may safely take his thoughts as bread for your soul, but generally you will find him a nuisance at dinner or on a journey.

I remember, too, that when you were with the Abolitionists you were apt to be kindled at first by their great purpose, but after a while you were a little bored by it. They saw nothing else Like Saint George, they thought that one dragon filled the whole world.

Their narrow fury angered you. "Is the Devil dead?" you said "What of his old works? What of drunkenness and hate and lies? Let us talk of these, too." But they ignored them all.

However, I suppose that the party or sect which is to do any work in the world must breathe its own peculiar atmosphere, speak its own little patois, and see but one side of the question on which it fights.

My family lived on the border of Virginia. We were, so to speak, on the fence, and could see the great question from both sides. It was a most unpleasant position. When you crossed into Pennsylvania you had to defend your slave-holding friends against the Abolitionists who dubbed them all Legrees and Neros; and when you came home you quarreled with your kindly neighbors for calling the Abolitionists "emissaries of hell." The man who sees both sides of the shield may be right, but he is most uncomfortable.

One of the familiar figures to my childish eyes during these yearly visits to Pennsylvania was F. Julius Le Moyne, the candidate for Vice-President in 1840 on the Abolition ticket with Birney. The two men offered themselves to certain defeat in order to test the strength of their party. They polled only a few thousand votes.

Twenty years afterward William Lloyd Garrison said to my husband, "A handful of us used to meet year after year and nominate a ticket for the Presidency. The whole country jeered at us. But we knew we should elect our man at last. We would finish our work. We have elected him. The work is done."

#### *Le Moyne, the Most Radical of Reformers*

Francis Le Moyne was a physician in Washington, Pennsylvania, then a sleepy village. He was as unlike the townspeople (most of them my own kinsfolk) as if Neptune or Mars had put on trousers and coat and gone about the streets. They were Scotch-Irish, usually sandy in complexion, conventional, orthodox, holding to every opinion or custom of their forefathers with an iron grip. He made his own creed and customs; he was dark, insurrectionary, and French. He was descended, I have been told, from an *émigré* family — Breton comtes. Some of the hunted folk of the *ancien régime* settled on the Ohio at Gallipolis and tried fruit raising there. The father of the reformer made his way up to this quiet hill town. He was a kind of fairy godfather to the village children, because he spoke another tongue than English and lived in a foreign-looking house in the midst of a great garden of plants and flowers unknown elsewhere. In his office, too, he was always surrounded by uncanny retorts and crucibles; and many birds flew about him that he had taught by some secret method to sing French airs.

His son was a large, swarthy man, with much force of personal magnetism. He had, as I remember, a singular, compelling, intolerant eye, which once seen you never forgot; the eye of a man who, having chosen a cause to serve, would give it the last drop of his own blood and force other men to give theirs. The cause he served was that of human freedom. He drew many of his townspeople into the Abolition party. But I think that they never quite understood or appreciated him. He was always alien to them. He should have lived in a court, or a metropolis, some great arena in which to work. He had the power for any work. Doctor Le Moyne was probably the truest representative of the radical Abolitionist in this country. He never gave in his adherence to any temporizing or experiment of expediency, whether made by Frémont, Sumner or Lincoln. "Cut out the cancer, and cut it *now*, though the patient die," was his creed. After the slaves were freed he gave both his influence and money to the work of their education.

Then he took up another reform — Cremation. The rotting bodies under ground fretted him as much as the slaves living on it had done. He urged the matter vehemently on the American people and built the first crematory on this continent. Baron Palm, who, with Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, was the original teacher in this country of Theosophy, was, I think, the first person to be cremated in it. Doctor Le Moyne once showed me some of his ashes. It was characteristic of the doctor that he kept them in a little begilt candy box; he never threw lime-light on his great effects.

#### *The Melancholy Jaques of Wheeling Wood*

In the early days the leading Abolitionists were sometimes his guests. I remember one, a tall, unsmiling young girl with black hair and eyes, who provoked my childish antipathy by eating an apple as if she and it were playing a part in a great tragedy. This was Sara Clarke, then known to the country as the Liberty Poetess. After the war was over she dropped the tragic lyre and became a popular story-writer under the name of Grace Greenwood. Dickens hailed her as one of the foremost of American writers. I knew her many years afterward in Philadelphia. She was one of those born helpers who always are tottering under the load of some unable individual or race I do not know whether she is carrying these helpless folk now in this world or in another. But wherever she is, I am sure that is her work, God bless her.

Her elder brother, Joseph Clarke, came to Wheeling — the town where we lived — shortly before the war, to edit a newspaper. He, too, had been born in the dark of the moon, and saw the world only as a huge stage for tragedy. He was suspected of Abolition principles, but of necessity kept them out of sight. But his gloomy brain seethed with other revolutionary ideas. He tramped over the neighboring hills composing poetry until the bones of his easy-going neighbors ached; he urged them to build a cholera hospital on the main street, and to prove that the disease was not contagious slept all night in a bed from which a man who had died of it had just been carried. He was a believer in the knockings and teachings of the Fox sisters. The staid old town held him at arm's length, but to two or three young people in it these ideas, imported from the outer unknown world, were fearful but alluring, like the glimpses one has of the moon through a telescope.

I remember this melancholy Jaques even now with a grateful throb at heart, for he was the first editor who urged me to write for him. He put a pen in my hands and bade me "treat of Italian Art." Now the only Italian I ever had known was the barber at the corner, and my knowledge of art was confined to our photographer's gallery. But I wrote an essay on the art of Angelica Kauffmann and he printed it (anonymously) on the front page of the paper. He told me that it was fine, and I quite agreed with him

Abolitionism never was a burning question in that part of Virginia. Nothing lay between any slave there and freedom but the Ohio River, which could be crossed in a skiff in half an hour. The green hills of Ohio on the other side, too, were

(*Continued on Page 20*)

# THE PIT

## By FRANK NORRIS

### Author of The Octopus

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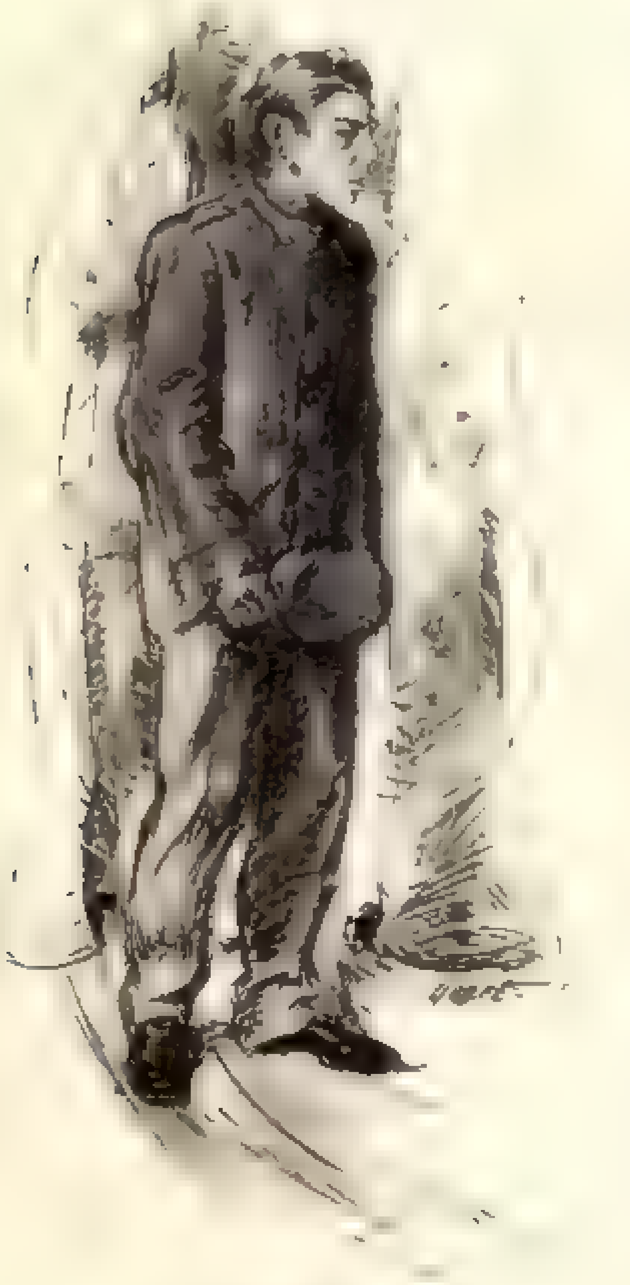


—A WEAZENED, STUNTED BOY, IN A UNIFORM

### CHAPTER XVI.

SO THE month of May drew to its close. Between the twenty-fifth and the thirtieth Jadwin covered his July shortage, despite Gretry's protests and warnings. To him they seemed idle enough. He was too rich, too strong now, to fear any issue. Daily the profits of the corner increased. The unfortunate shorts were wrung dry and drier In Gretry's office they heard their sentences, and as Jadwin beheld more and more of these broken speculators, a vast contempt for human nature grew within him.

Some few of his beaten enemies were resolute enough, accepting defeat with grim carelessness, or with sphinx-like indifference, or even with airy jocularity. But for the most part their alert, eager deference, their tame subservience, the abject humility and debasement of their bent shoulders drove Jadwin to the verge of self control. He grew to detest the business; he regretted even the defiant brutality of Scannel, a rascal, but none the less keeping his head high. The more the fellows cringed to him, the tighter he wrenched the screw. In a few cases he found a pleasure in relenting entirely, selling his wheat to the unfortunates at a price that left them without loss; but in the end the business hardened his heart to any distress his mercilessness might entail. He took his profits as a Bourbon took his taxes, as if by right of birth.

His wife he saw but seldom. Occasionally they breakfasted together; more often they met at dinner. But that was all. Jadwin's life by now had come to be so irregular, and his few hours of sleep so precious and so easily disturbed, that he had long since occupied a separate apartment.

What Laura's life was at this time he no longer knew. She never spoke of it to him; never nowadays complained of loneliness. When he saw her she appeared to be cheerful But this very cheerfulness made him uneasy, and at times, through the murk of the chaff of wheat, through the bellow of the Pit, and the crash of collapsing fortunes there reached him a suspicion that all was not well with Laura.

Once he had made an abortive attempt to break from the turmoil of La Salle Street and the Board of Trade, and, for a time at least, to get back to the old life they both had loved —to get back, in a word, to her. But the consequences had been all but disastrous. Now he could not keep away.

"Corner wheat!" he had exclaimed to her the following day. "Corner wheat! It's the wheat that has cornered me. It's like holding a wolf by the ears—bad to hold on, but worse to let go."

But absorbed, blinded, deafened by the whirl of things, Curtis Jadwin could not see how perilously well grounded had been his faint suspicion as to Laura's distress.

On the day after her evening with her husband in the art gallery, the evening when Gretry had broken in upon them like a courier from the front, Laura had risen from her bed to look out upon a world suddenly empty.

Corthell she had sent from her forever. Jadwin was once more snatched from her side. Where, now, was she to turn? Jadwin had urged her to go to Geneva Lake for the season, but she refused. She saw the change that had of late come over her husband, saw his lean face, the hot, tired eyes, the trembling fingers and nervous gestures. Vaguely she imagined approaching disaster. If anything happened to Curtis, her place was at his side.

During the days that Jadwin and Crookes were at grapples Laura found means to occupy her mind with all manner of small activities. She overhauled her wardrobe, planned her summer gowns, paid daily visits to her dressmakers, rode and drove in the Park till every turn of the roads, every tree, every bush was familiar to the point of wearisome contempt.

Then suddenly she began to indulge in a mania for old books and first editions. She haunted the stationers and second-hand bookstores, studied the authorities, followed the auctions, and bought right and left with reckless extravagance. But the taste soon palled upon her. With so much money at her command there was none of the spice of the hunt in the affair. She had but to express a desire for a certain treasure, and forthwith it was put into her hand.

She found it so in all other things. Her desires were gratified with an abruptness that killed the zest of them. She felt none of the joy of possession; the little personal relation between her and her belongings vanished away. Her gowns, beautiful beyond all she had ever imagined, were of no more interest to her than a drawerful of worn-out gloves. She bought horses till she could no longer tell them apart; her carriages crowded three supplementary stables in the neighborhood. Her flowers, miracles of laborious cultivation, filled the whole house with their fragrance Wherever she went deference moved before her like a guard; her beauty, her enormous wealth, her wonderful horses, her exquisite gowns made of her a cynosure, a veritable queen

And hardly a day passed that Laura Jadwin, in the solitude of her own boudoir, did not fling her arms wide in a gesture of lassitude and infinite weariness, crying out:

"Oh, the ennui and stupidity of all this wretched life!"

She could look forward to nothing. One day was like the next. No one came to see her For all her great house and for all her money, she had made but few friends. Her "grand manner" had never helped her popularity. She passed her evenings alone in her "upstairs sitting-room," reading, reading till far into the night; or, the lights extinguished, sat at her open window listening to the monotonous lap and wash of the Lake.

At such moments she thought of the men who had come into her life—of the love she had known almost from her first girlhood. She remembered her first serious affair. It had been with the impecunious theological student who was her tutor. He had worn glasses and little black side whiskers, and had implored her to marry him and come to China, where he was to be a missionary. Every time that he came he had brought her a new book to read, and he had taken her for long walks up toward the hills where the old powder mill stood. Then it was the young lawyer—the "brightest man in Worcester County"—who took her driving in a hired buggy, sent her a multitude of paper novels (which she never read), with every love passage carefully underscored, and wrote very bad verse to her eyes and hair, whose "velvet blackness was the shadow of a crown." Or, again, it was the youthful cavalry officer met in a flying visit to her Boston aunt, who loved her on first sight, gave her his photograph in uniform and a bead belt of Apache workmanship. He was forever singing to her—to a guitar accompaniment—an old love song:

"At midnight hour
Beneath the tower
He murmured soft,
'Oh, nothing fearing,
With thine own true soldier fly.'"

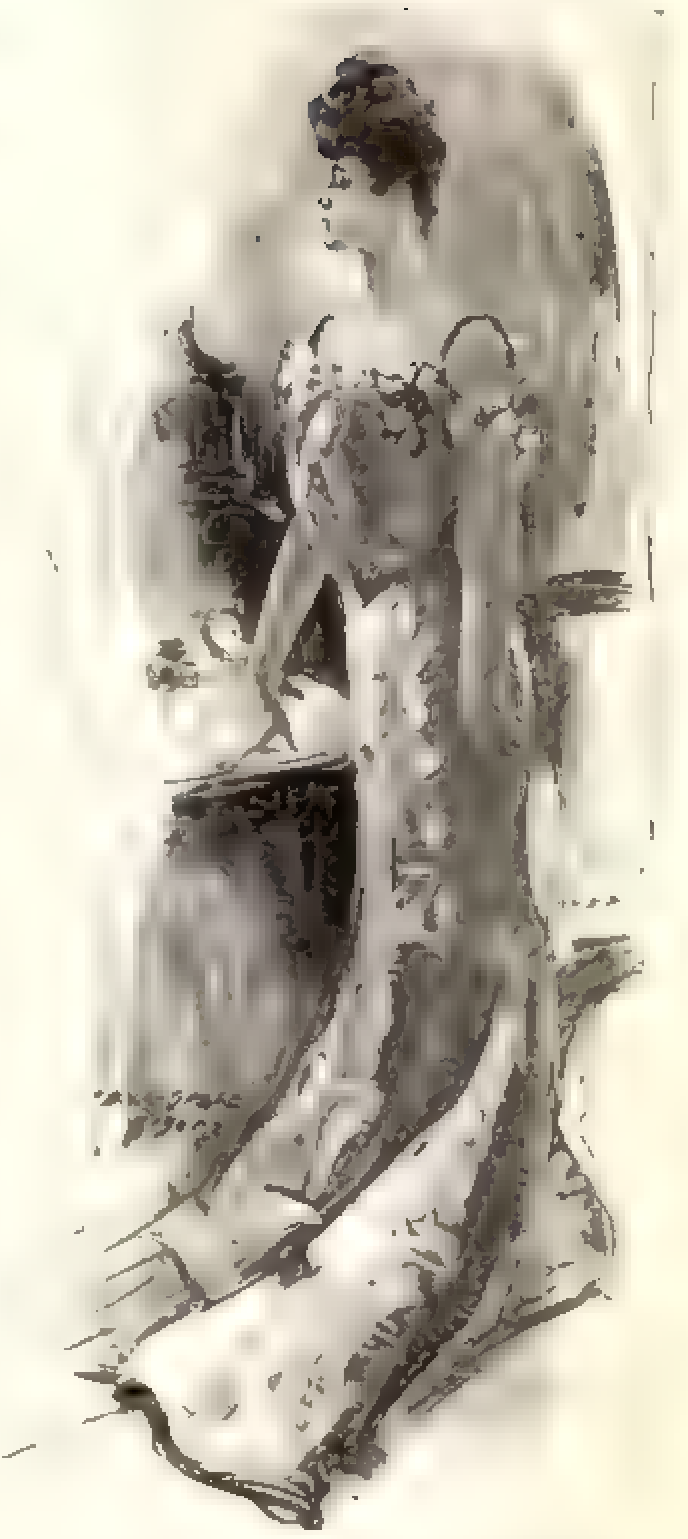
Then she had come to Chicago, and Landry Court, with his bright enthusiasms and fine exaltations, had loved her. She had never taken him very seriously, but none the less it had been very sweet to know his whole universe depended upon the nod of her head, and that her influence over him had been so potent, had kept him clean and loyal and honest.

And after this Corthell and Jadwin had come into her life, the artist and the man of affairs. She remembered Corthell's quiet, patient, earnest devotion of those days before her marriage. He rarely spoke to her of his love, but by some ingenious subtlety he had filled her whole life with it. His little attentions, his undemonstrative solicitudes came precisely when and where they were most appropriate. He had never failed her. Whenever she had needed him, or even when through caprice or impulse she had turned to him, it always had been to find that long since he had carefully prepared for that very contingency. His thoughtfulness of her had been a thing to wonder at. He remembered for months, years even, her most trivial fancies, her unexpressed dislikes. He knew her tastes as if by instinct; he prepared little surprises for her, and placed them in her way without ostentation, and quite as matters of course. He never permitted her to be embarrassed; the little annoying situations of the day's life he had smoothed away long before they had ensnared her. He never was off his guard, never disturbed, never excited

And he amused her, he entertained her without seeming to do so. He made her talk; he made her think. He stimulated and aroused her, so that she herself talked with a brilliancy that surprised herself. In fine, he had so contrived that she associated him with everything that was agreeable.

She had sent him away the first time, and he had gone without a murmur, only to come back loyal as ever, silent, watchful, sympathetic, his love for her deeper, stronger than before, and—as always timely—bringing to her companionship at the moment of all others when she was most alone.

Now she had driven him from her again, and this time, she very well knew, it was to be forever. She had shut the door upon this great love.



"STOP!" SHE CRIED, SPRINGING UP

Laura stirred abruptly in her place, adjusting her hair with nervous fingers.

And, last of all, it had been Jadwin, her husband. She rose and went to the window, and stood there a long moment, looking off into the night over the Park. It was warm and very still

Suddenly she started from the window. She called a servant and asked:

"Has Mr. Jadwin come in yet?"

"Mr. Gretry just this minute telephoned that Mr. Jadwin would not be home to-night."

When the servant had gone out Laura, her lips compressed, flung up her head. Her hands shut to hard fists, her eye flashed. Rigid, erect in the middle of the floor, her arms folded, she uttered a smothered exclamation over and over again under her breath.

All at once anger mastered her—anger and a certain defiant recklessness, an abrupt spirit of revolt. She straightened herself suddenly, as one who takes a decision. Then, swiftly, she went out of the art gallery, and, crossing the hallway, entered the library and opened a great writing desk that stood in a recess under a small stained window.

She pulled the sheets of notepaper toward her, wrote a short letter, directing the envelope to Sheldon Corthell, The Fine Arts Building, Michigan Avenue.

"Call a messenger," she said to the servant who answered her ring, "and send him in here when he comes."

She rested the letter against the inkstand and leaned back in her chair, looking at it, her fingers plucking swiftly at the lace of her dress. Her head was in a whirl. A confusion of thoughts, impulses, desires, half-formed resolves, half-named regrets, swarmed and spun about her. She felt as though she had all at once taken a leap—a leap which had landed her in a new and terrible country, an unfamiliar place—terrible, yet beautiful—unexplored, and for that reason all the more inviting, a place of shadows, out of which pleasant voices called and strange hands beckoned.

Laura rose and paced the floor, her hands pressed together over her heart. She was excited, her cheeks flushed, a certain breathless exhilaration came and went within her breast, and in place of the intolerable ennui of her last days there came over her a sudden, an almost wild, animation, and from out her black eyes there shot a kind of furious gayety.

She was aroused by a step at the door. The messenger stood there, a figure ridiculously inadequate for the intensity of all that was involved in the issue of the hour—a weazened, stunted boy, in a uniform many sizes too large.

Laura, seated at her desk, held the note toward him resolutely. Now was no time to hesitate, to temporize. If she did not hold to her resolve now, what was there to look forward to? Could one's life be emptier than hers of this last month—emptier, more intolerable, more humiliating?

"Take this note to that address," she said, putting a coin in the boy's hand. "Wait for an answer"

The boy shut the letter in his book, which he thrust into his breast pocket, buttoning his coat over it. He nodded and turned away.

Still seated, Laura watched him moving toward the door. Well, it was over now. She had chosen. She had taken the leap. What new life was to begin for her to-morrow, that very evening? What did it all mean? With an inconceivable rapidity her thoughts began racing through her brain.

She did not move where she sat. Her hands, gripped tight together, rested upon the desk before her. Without turning her head she watched the retreating messenger from under her lashes. He passed out of the door, the curtain fell behind him.

And only then, when the irrevocableness of the step was all but an accomplished fact, came the reaction.

"Stop!" she cried, springing up. "Stop! Come back here. Wait a moment."

What had happened? She could neither understand nor explain. Somehow an instant of clear vision had come, and in that instant a power within her that was herself and not herself, had laid hold upon her will. No, no, she could not, she could not, after all. She took the note back.

"I have changed my mind," she said abruptly. "You may keep the money. There is no message to be sent."

She tore the note into fragments, and making a heap of them in the pen-tray burned them carefully.

During the week following upon this Laura found her trouble more than ever keen. She was burdened with a new distress. The incident of the note to Corthell, recalled at the last moment, had opened her eyes to possibilities of the situation hitherto unguessed. She saw now what she might be capable of doing in a moment of headstrong caprice, she saw depths in her nature she had not plumbed. Whether these hidden pitfalls were peculiarly hers, or whether they were common to all women placed as she now found herself, she did not pause to inquire. She thought only of results, and she was afraid.

For what she was now about to do she could give no reason, and the motives for this final and supreme effort to conquer the league of circumstances which hemmed her in were obscure. She did not even ask what they were. She knew only that she was in trouble, and yet it was to the cause of her distress that she addressed herself. Blindly she turned to her husband; and all the woman in her roused itself, girded itself, called up its every resource in one last test, in one ultimate trial of strength between her and the terrible growing power of that blind, soulless force that roared and guttered and sucked down, there in the midst of the city.

She alone, one unaided woman, her only auxiliaries her beauty, her wit, and the frayed, strained bands of a sorely tried love, stood forth like a challenger against Charybdis, joined battle with the Cloaca, held back with her slim hands against the power of the maelstrom that swung whole nations in its grip.

In the solitude of her room she took the resolve. Her troubles were multiplying; she, too, was in the current, the end of which was a pit—a pit black and without bottom. Once already its grip had seized her, once already she had yielded to the insidious drift. Now suddenly aware of a danger, she fought back and, her hands beating the air for help, turned toward the greatest strength she knew.

"I want my husband," she cried, aloud, to the empty darkness of the night. "I want my husband. I will have him; he is mine, he is mine. There shall nothing take me from him; there shall nothing take him from me."

Her first opportunity came upon a Sunday soon afterward. Jadwin, wakeful all the Saturday night, slept a little in the forenoon, and after dinner Laura came to him in his smoking-room, as he lay on the leather lounge trying to read. His wife seated herself at a writing-table in a corner of the room, and by and by began turning the slips of a calendar that stood at her elbow. At last she tore off one of the slips and held it up.

"Curtis."

"Well, old girl?"

"Do you see that date?"

He looked over to her.

"Do you see that date? Do you know of anything that makes that day different—a little—from other days? It's June 13. Do you remember what June 13 is?"

Puzzled, he shook his head.

"No—no."

Laura took up a pen and wrote a few words in the space above the figures reserved for memoranda. Then she handed the slip to her husband, who read aloud what she had written.

"'Laura Jadwin's birthday.' Why, upon my word," he declared, sitting upright. "So it is, so it is. June 13, of course. And I was beast enough not to realize it. Honey, I can't remember anything these days, it seems."

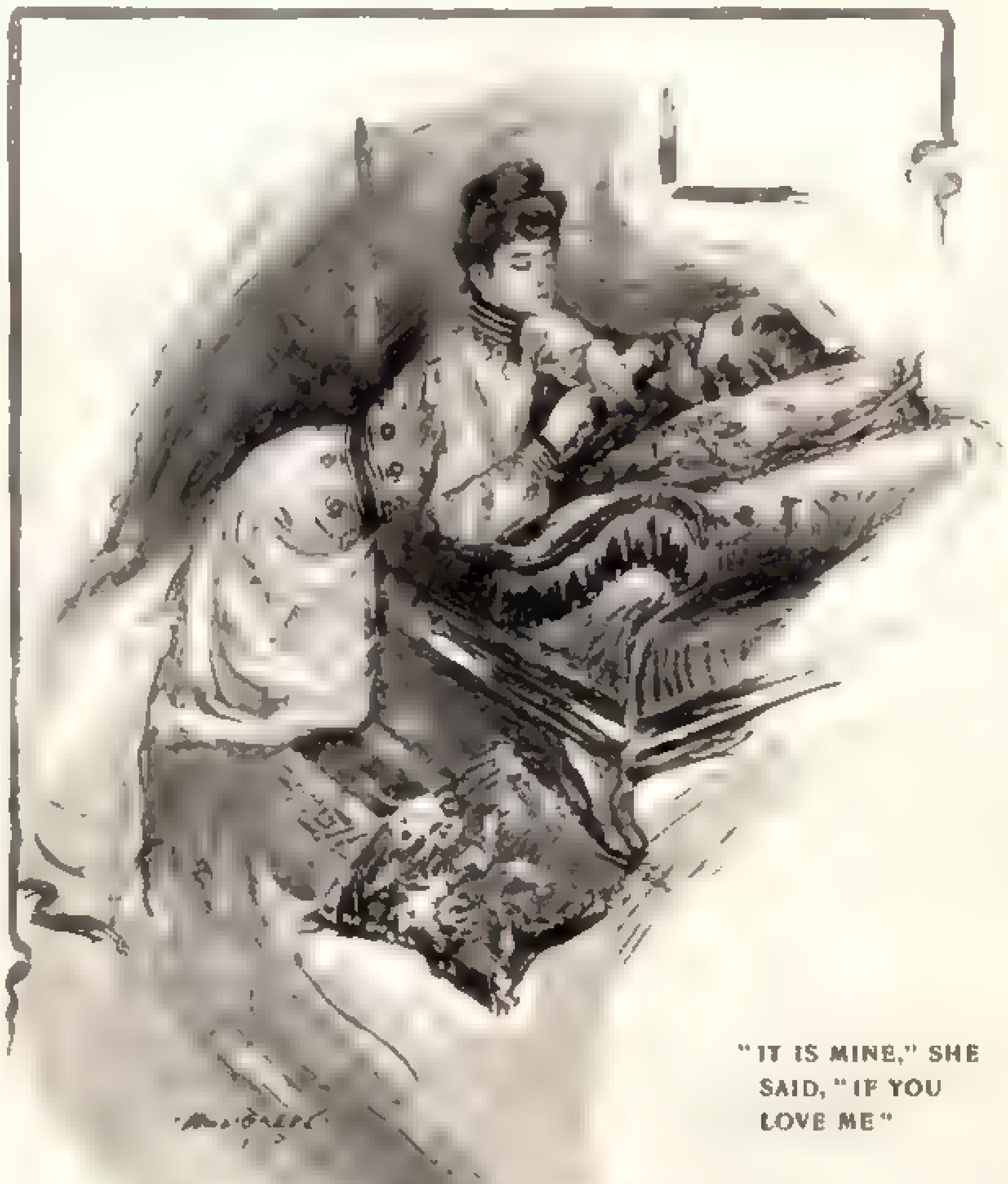
"But you are going to remember this time, aren't you?" she urged. "You are not going to forget it now. That evening is going to mark the beginning of—oh, Curtis, it is going to be a new beginning of everything. You'll see. I'm going to manage it. I don't know how, but you are going to love me so that nothing—no business, no money, no wheat will ever keep you from me. I will make you. And that evening, that evening of June 13 is mine. The day your business can have you, but from six o'clock on you are mine." She crossed the room quickly and took both his hands in hers and knelt beside him. "It is mine," she said, "if you love me. Do you understand, dear? You will come home at six o'clock, and whatever happens—oh, if all La Salle Street should burn to the ground, and all your million bushels of wheat with it—whatever happens, you—will—not—leave—me, nor think of anything else but just me, me. That evening is mine, and you will give it to me, just as I have said. I won't remind you of it again. I won't speak of it again. I will leave it to you. But—you will give me that evening if you love me. Dear, do you see just what I mean? . . . If you love me. . . . Now—no, don't say a word, we won't talk about it at all. No, no, please. Not another word. I don't want you to promise, or pledge yourself, or anything like that. You've heard what I said—and that's all there is about it. We'll talk of something else. By the way, have you seen Mr. Cressler lately?"

"No, no," he said, falling into her mood; "I haven't seen Charlie in over a month. Wonder what's become of him?"

"I understand he's been sick," she told him. "I met Mrs. Cressler the other day, and she said she was bothered about him."

"Well, what's the matter with old Charlie?"

"She don't know herself. He's not sick enough to go to bed, but he don't or won't go downtown to his business. She says she can see him growing thinner every day. He keeps telling her he's all right, but for all that, she says, she's afraid he's going to come down with some kind of sickness pretty soon. I can see she is worried about him."



"IT IS MINE," SHE SAID, "IF YOU LOVE ME"

"Say," said Jadwin, "suppose we drop around to see them this afternoon? Wouldn't you like to? I haven't seen him in over a month, as I say. Or telephone them to come up and have dinner. Charlie's about as old a friend as I have. We used to be together about every hour of the day when we first came to Chicago. Let's go over to see him this afternoon and cheer him up."

"No," said Laura decisively. "Curtis, you must have one day of rest out of the week. You are going to lie down all the rest of the afternoon, and sleep if you can. I'll call on them to-morrow."

"Well, all right," he assented. "I suppose I ought to sleep if I can. And then Sam is coming up here by five. He's going to bring some railroad men with him. We've got a lot to do. Yes, I guess, old girl, I'll try to get forty winks before they get here. And, Laura," he added, taking her hand as she rose to go—"Laura, this is the last lap. In just another month now—oh, at the outside six weeks—I'll have closed the corner and then, old girl, you and I will go somewheres, anywhere you like, and then we'll have a good time together all the rest of our lives—all the rest of our lives, honey. Good-by. Now I think I can go to sleep."

She arranged the cushions under his head and drew the curtains close over the windows, and went out, softly closing the door behind her. And a half-hour later, when she stole in to look at him, she found him asleep at last, his tired eyes closed, and the arm, with its broad, strong hand, resting under his head. She stood a long moment in the middle of the room, looking down at him; and then slipped out as noiselessly as she had come, the tears trembling on her eyelashes.

Laura Jadwin did not call on the Cresslers the next day, nor even the next after that. For three days she kept indoors, held prisoner by a series of petty incidents: now the crippling of one of her carriage horses, now the delay in the finishing of her new gowns, now by the excessive heat, now by a threat of rain. By Thursday, however, at the beginning of the second week of the month, the storm was gone and the sun once more shone. Early in the afternoon Laura telephoned to Mrs. Cressler.

"How are you and Mr. Cressler?" she asked. "I'm coming over to take luncheon with you and your husband if you will let me."

"Oh, Charlie is about the same, Laura," answered Mrs. Cressler's voice. "I guess the dear man has been working too hard, that's all. Do come over and cheer him up. If I'm not here when you come, you just make yourself at home. I've got to go downtown to see about railroad tickets and all. I'm going to pack my old man right off to Oconomowoc before I'm another day older. Made up my mind to it last night, and I don't want him to be bothered with tickets or time cards or baggage or anything. I'll run down and do it all myself. You come right up whenever you're ready and keep Charlie company. How's your husband, Laura child?"

"Oh, Curtis is well," she answered. "He gets very tired at times."

"Well, I can understand it. Lands alive, child, whatever are you going to do with all your money? They tell me that J. has made nearly a hundred millions in the last three or four months. A man I was talking to last week said his corner was the greatest thing ever known on the Chicago Board of Trade. Well, good-by, Laura; come up whenever you're ready. I'll see you at luncheon. Charlie is right here; he says to give you his love."

An hour later Laura's victoria stopped in front of the Cresslers' house, and the little footman descended with the agility of a monkey, to stand, soldierlike, at the steps.

Laura gave orders to have the victoria call for her at three, and ran quickly up the front steps. The front entrance was open, the screen door on the latch, and she entered without ceremony.

"Mrs. Cressler!" she called, as she stood in the hallway drawing off her gloves. "Mrs. Cressler! Carrie, have you gone yet?"

But the maid, Annie, appeared at the head of the stairs.

"Mrs. Cressler has gone out, Mrs. Jadwin," she said. "She said you was to make yourself at home, and she'd be back by noon."

Laura nodded, and standing before the hatrack in the hall took off her hat and gloves and folded her veil into her purse.

As she entered the "back library" she was surprised to see Mr. Cressler there, seated in his armchair, his back turned from her.

"Why, I didn't know you were here, Mr. Cressler," she said as she came up to him.

She laid her hand upon his arm. But Cressler was dead; and as Laura touched him the head rolled upon the shoulder and showed the bullet hole in the temple, just in front of the ear.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## A Philadelphia Anachronism

PHILADELPHIA has been the victim of so many chronological references and comparisons that it ought to be able to stand one more. During the present winter a well-known woman was asked to read a paper before the organization that stands for a large part of the culture of the Quaker City. She pronounced the name slowly and then said:

"What an anachronism! A Contemporary Club in Philadelphia!"

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## Important Notice to Readers

**☞ February 1st the subscription price of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will be doubled and the magazine will be made better and larger. Until February 1st you can have it a whole year — 52 weeks — for only one dollar. After February 1st the price will be $2.00 the year.**

## Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

ℭThe best way to get even is to forget.

ℭImaginary trouble is the real thing, after all.

ℭMore people try to learn by talking than by listening.

ℭFearlessness burns its bridges behind; fear, the bridges before.

ℭMan thinks more of the cigar thrown in than of the box he pays for.

ℭIt is natural that the man who gives himself away should feel cheap.

ℭA postponed task more toil begets and borrowed money pays no debts.

ℭEvery wise man has a parachute of prudence attached to his balloon of enthusiasm.

ℭSome people get credit for broken hearts when they have simply lost their nerve.

ℭThe man who makes wagers may show good judgment, but better judgment is usually shown by the man who doesn't bet.

ℭIt has required much more time for many a man to toil up the stairway of fame than it has for him to slide down the banister of obscurity.

ℭThere are men who attempt to obey the injunction of Holy Writ by not letting their right hands know that their left hands never do anything.

ℭMany an aspiring young poet is convinced that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for an editor to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

ℭ"Look up and not down" is good advice, but it won't do for the man who has to descend into the cellar every day to see how much longer his coal supply will last.

## The Lorenzes of the World

EVERYBODY was interested the other day in the progress of the great Austrian surgeon Lorenz through the country, when scores of poor crippled children were brought to him at every halt in his journey. A wrench, a skillful kneading of the poor little bones by his hands, and the babies were sent back cured for life.

While here he told a story as significant as his work: how when he was a very little, very poor boy he found one day a glove — fine, embroidered, the glove of a gentleman — the sign to him of an upper, unknown life where the best men and women lived. He wore it proudly, quite unconscious of his rags and bare feet.

One day his mother said to him sadly: "It will be long before you can earn the other glove, my son." Then came the history of hard struggle and defeat. After thirty years, when his profession was almost open to him, the outbreak in his blood of a terrible eczema closed its doors to him.

"There seemed," he said in his quaint English, "nothing left to me but to blow out the brains. Gentlemen, I have known what is despair."

But this was twenty years ago — twenty years of indomitable work. Now, famous as a great surgeon throughout two continents, and followed by the prayers and blessings of legions of poor mothers — he has found the other glove!

The story of Lorenz reminds us of that of a poor Portuguese knight who lived centuries ago. He was starving in Lisbon one winter when he was seized with smallpox and was driven to the fields to herd with lepers, according to the usage of the times. When he recovered he had but one thought — to save other men from the want and loathsome agony that he had undergone. He carried two lepers from the streets to his clean garret and begged food and medicine for them. Soon two more followed, then other two. Then rich, kindly neighbors looked into the matter and hired the whole house for his lepers and smallpox patients. The story of his work spread. Other knights took it up for the love of Christ; houses were given to him in several cities of Spain and France. He nursed, he begged, he prayed, until he grew old and white-haired, and, still working, died. He was the founder of the first hospitals in Europe.

Surely this old Portuguese San Juan and this modern surgeon, though centuries apart by birth, were twin brothers at soul!

The air suddenly fills with crowding shapes claiming to belong to the same family. Father Damien and the black-masked Brothers of the Misericordia and the trig visiting nurses of American cities; the mighty corps of hospital workers, the doctors next door to us who give their skill and time to paupers free of charge; or it may be you who read helping some helpless neighbor with your whole heart in the work. It is the army of these who love their brother man, and the Nazarene is their leader.

It may be that it is the Christmas season which has summoned this enchanted legion to our view. It is not a dream. Its work will last when the doings of Kings and Trusts are forgotten.

## Things that are Worth While

ONLY a few weeks ago Andrew D. White, then Ambassador to Germany, was pointing a Berlin audience to seventy millions given by Americans within the year for education and philanthropy as proof conclusive that they are not materialists but idealists. Yet since he spoke the sum has been increased by scores of large gifts, one of them providing for the expenditure of fifty millions. The fact is, there never was a nation of true idealists until ours. We were founded politically and socially not upon loyalty to some man-made institution or some royal family, but upon the ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity; and we have lived in a progressively exalted atmosphere of abstractions.

If ever there was a work of the imagination, a work of creative and constructive genius, it was the conquest of this continent from the wilderness. Look closely at the so-called idealist ages of the past, and you find beneath a thin veneer of highfalutin profession coarse and base passion contending in sordidness and selfishness. Look closely at the civilization that has risen within two generations upon this continent, and you find beneath a veneer of dollar-hunting materialism a splendid and humane imagination planning miracles and executing them for the sake of principle, for the sake of posterity. An Indiana historian, Doctor Ridpath, dedicated one of his books "to my father and mother, who on the rough frontier of civilization toiled and suffered and died that their children might inherit the promise." That tells the story. Is it not more inspiring than any embodied in the beautiful art creations of Europe paid for by "munificent," art-patronizing rulers with blood and tears wrung from their peasants?

To a truly cultured mind there is more idealism in any one of several hundred homely, humble colleges founded in our wilderness by poverty-pressed pioneers than in all the monuments Old-World genius has built to tyrants and butchers and gilded nobodies and cynical statesmen playing the game of maintaining the serfdom of the masses of mankind. And the ideas taught in those little colleges — ideas of freedom and manhood, of independence and self-reliance, of the dignity of labor and the dishonor of parasitism, and the right of every man to work out his own destiny without hindrance — where in Europe, monarchical, socialistic, artistic, is their like to be found?

It is well to acquire what may be called the wisdom of the senses that is so highly developed in the Old World — the keen appreciation of painting, sculpture, architecture and music. But we ought never to forget that our own idealism, our spiritual idealism, our passion for the things not made by hands, not bought and sold, not capable of being materialized for the grosser perceptions of sight and touch and hearing, is finer and nobler than any idealism which the most artistic civilization of Europe could give us. We should be poor, indeed, if we lost our own, or learned to think less highly of it, in reaching out for theirs. As for Europe's political and social ideals — Germany's kind of socialism and England's kind of trade unionism, both frank copies of despotism that denies individual rights — we cannot afford to coquette with them.

As the direct result of this spiritual idealism of ours which has been overlooked by those who can appreciate only the things of the senses, we have these vast outpourings of wealth for mental and moral development, for the making of a wiser and better race. We always gave, never more liberally than in the days of our poverty. We give now of our abundance, but not more generously.

It is important that the spirit of these givings shall be maintained. It is important that, in acquiring the culture, the refined senses which constitute the education imported from Europe, we shall not lose our own original higher idealism. That is indeed a badly educated American who learns to value any culture of the senses, any views of past civilization, any survivals of the old order with its "right forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne," as at all comparable with the teaching of America's culture of the mind and heart of man. That culture expresses itself not merely in marble or paint or cunningly wrought metals and stuffs or in "concord of sweet sounds," but in ever more and more millions of manly men and womanly women.

It would be a sorry use of these gifts to education, and we should soon find the sources of them drying up, if we should educate ourselves out of our profound idealism into Europe's veneer of idealism.

America has given a new meaning to the word Character. It must give a new meaning to the word Culture.

## A Trade Wind from the Caribbean

IT'S an ill wind that blows nobody good. The bleak gale that has been whistling over Venezuela of late bids fair to be a particularly balmy breeze to the United States. For some time before the Anglo-German fleet began giving lessons in "courtesy" by sinking gunboats and blowing up forts the feeling of Latin America toward this country had been growing distinctly chilly. The little republics had been growing restive under the guardianship of the big one. They did not like our interference to preserve order on the Isthmus of Panama; they were disturbed by our proceedings in Cuba, and they suspected us of all sorts of imperialistic designs imperiling their independence. They began to question the value of the Monroe Doctrine. After all, they asked, was not the Yankee peril the real danger they had to fear? Would it not be best for them to draw closer to Europe and declare their independence of the United States?

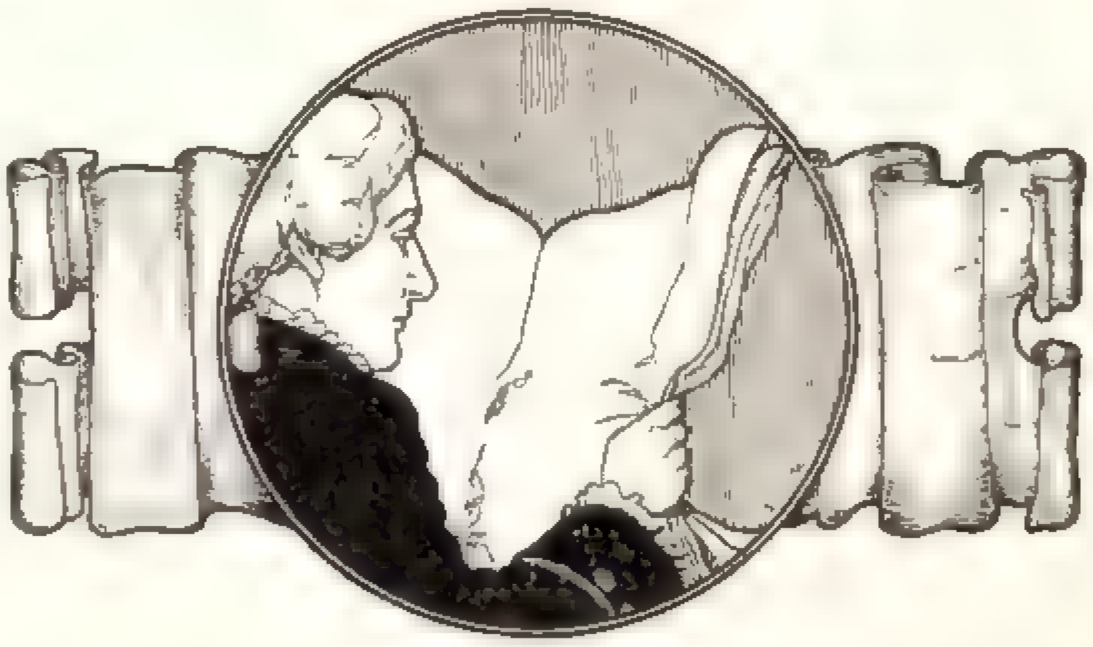
The Germans and English have obligingly answered all these questions in our favor. Latin America, from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn, again recognizes the United States as its indispensable protector, and the Monroe Doctrine as the priceless charter of its liberties. In view of the proceedings of the allies at La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, nobody can doubt for an instant that if this Republic had not stood in the way the European Powers would have undertaken to wipe Venezuela from the list of nations. They would have made Castro a fugitive like Kruger and divided his country like Poland. And every Latin American state realizes again, as it has realized on similar occasions in the past, that its own national existence depends on the same protection that is saving Venezuela.

No doubt this realization has helped to smooth the way of the Panama Canal treaty with Colombia and of the reciprocity treaty with Cuba. Its effects will be felt in many other ways, especially in the matter of trade. The boycott of German and British goods in Venezuela is likely to spread in a greater or less degree throughout South America. Italy, Spain and the other European Powers that have associated themselves for the coercion of Venezuela will all feel the effects of Spanish-American ill will. A small republic may not think it prudent to give armed assistance to a neighbor in distress, but no country is too small or too weak to trade where it pleases. The Kaiser's mailed fist cannot compel an Argentine merchant to give an order to a German drummer when he prefers to deal with somebody else.

All this must work to our advantage. Our national manners are not always pleasing to the South Americans, but, after all, they are beginning to realize that they can trust us; and that counts for a good deal in these days.

# MEN AND MEASURES

## By Charles Emory Smith



### HOW THE VENEZUELAN AFFAIR AND THE OMNIBUS STATEHOOD BILL HAVE OVERSHADOWED THE TWO SERIOUS QUESTIONS OF THE PRESIDENT S MESSAGE.

THE rapidity with which the changing kaleidoscope sometimes shifts the scenes is strikingly illustrated in the swift transformation of interest at Washington within a period of two weeks. Congress met with all eyes fixed on the President's message and its questions. Before it was cold all eyes were turned to Venezuela. The sudden developments had filled the horizon with foreign complications. For the hour trusts and tariff and Cuba were all remanded to the background

With this change the White House and State Department became the focus of attention, instead of the Capitol. Senators and Representatives debated Statehood, but thought and talked about Venezuela. The turn freshly exemplified how completely the executive side of the Government controls foreign questions. This is inherent in our American system, with its sharply-defined division of executive, legislative and judicial functions. A legislative body cannot conduct diplomacy. The Senate has its voice when it comes to the ratification of treaties, but the real management of foreign issues must be in the hands of the President, and it marks the broad distinction from the parliamentary system where the government is the embodied parliament.

This executive power is far-reaching. The Monroe Doctrine, which from its announcement has been the pivotal and dominant law of the Western Hemisphere, was simply an executive declaration. All the issues growing out of the Spanish war were practically within the control of the President. It was his judgment which decided whether the nation should enter upon expansion or not. He determined that we should take the Philippines and how we should handle Cuba. An obstructive and hostile Congress might perhaps have embarrassed his policies, but the President can so far commit the nation that it is really constrained to accept and follow his counsel

The question which arose over Venezuela was simple in its form but complex in its possibilities. English and German subjects had claims of various kinds against Venezuela—partly financial obligations for loans or services, partly indemnity for alleged injuries. The Venezuelan Government was a delinquent debtor. At the best it was never either very able or very willing to meet its obligations. Revolutionary conditions and shifty rulership had clouded both its ability and its disposition. The English and German Governments took up the matter on behalf of their complaining subjects and proceeded to joint coercive measures. They dispatched their fleets to the Venezuelan coast, sent identical ultimatums to the Venezuelan Government, shotted their guns, kicked and cuffed the little delinquent with accidental or incidental violence, instituted a blockade and demanded a settlement at the cannon's mouth

### *Our Attitude Toward the Powers*

In this controversy the attitude of the United States was from the first plain and unequivocal. First of all it could not permit any infraction of the Monroe Doctrine. Neither England nor Germany nor any European Power could be allowed to make any acquisition of territory on this continent or even to engage in any extended occupation. They could not be suffered to levy on Venezuelan territory. The reason for this prohibition on our part was not that such a seizure would be a wrong to Venezuela—though it might be—but that it would be an affront to the United States. It would be an infringement upon the Monroe Doctrine which we have established for our own protection and security. According to the popular cartoon, the Monroe Doctrine is a live wire which it is not safe to step on.

On the other hand, the United States cannot stand up for delinquent debtors. It cannot allow the Monroe Doctrine to become a shield for any improvident or reckless American nation in repudiating or resisting just claims upon it. If we are tenacious in insisting that no European nation shall extend its political power on this continent, it is the more incumbent upon us not to encourage any of the weaker American Governments to incur obligations and attempt to evade them under cover of that position. The United States is primate of the American continent and its rights must be respected; but it cannot act either as a sheriff, or as a debt-collector, or as a guarantor, or as a passive and complacent accessory

The position of our Government was made the easier by the frank and unreserved assurances of the European Powers Before taking any step they advised the United States of what they proposed to do and asked if it had any objection. They explicitly disclaimed any design of acquiring or permanently occupying Venezuelan territory. There is no reason to doubt their good faith. Their assurances were entirely in harmony with all their later professions. A year ago England, Germany and other European Powers were engaged in an active rivalry as to which was the better friend of the United States. They are all sedulously cultivating the good feeling and good will of the great Republic. They have fully accepted the Monroe Doctrine in all its length and breadth. To suppose that they would now willfully and deliberately transgress it and challenge the United States is to assume that all their professions are a sham and that they would wantonly provoke a conflict

The attitude of the United States, then, was simple and direct. To let the creditor nations use rightful measures to effect a settlement; to let the delinquent debtor take care of himself and ward off legitimate punishment for illegitimate contumacy, if he could, by paying up or promising to pay up; to hold both within the proper ground of settling disputed claims—this was the rôle of the United States as the friend of all parties. At the same time, when there is a heap of chips lying around no one can tell what spark will start a conflagration. If a war was begun, was it certain where it would end? If the creditor Powers went ashore to seize the custom houses, was it clear how soon they would again go aboard? If little Venezuela—needful as it might be to teach her a lesson—were pressed too hard, was it plain how far the resentment would spread through South America?

There were dangerous possibilities which it was better to eliminate. The United States was neutral, but she is the *amicus curiæ*. She is the friend of all. On every ground she preferred a peaceful settlement. With this view she suggested and urged arbitration within the appropriate limits of her relation as not being a party in interest, and her position is so commanding and her moral influence so great that her counsel prevailed. The application of the principle of arbitration is of the first importance. The form and the method are secondary. With its adoption, whatever details remain to be adjusted, the acute stage of the controversy has passed and it is in process of peaceful solution

The diplomatic stroke of England and Germany in meeting the President's proposal of The Hague tribunal as the arbitrator with the counter proposal that the President himself should arbitrate the dispute was exceedingly clever. Naturally it was both tempting and repellant. It attracted in its implications and opportunities and it excited doubt in its responsibilities and possibilities. It is difficult to blend the functions of defender of the Monroe Doctrine, adviser of the sister Republics of America and the adjudicator of their equivocal disputes, and to be the impartial judge and at the same time keep a free hand is a delicate matter. But better this than no arbitration or long delay. At the present writing it is undetermined whether the President will act or will induce the consent of the contending parties to an acceptable alternative, and the question is one of great interest and of large significance in its bearings on the future.

The only issue of the session thus far has been the Omnibus Statehood bill. It was the last gasp of the long session and it is the first legacy of the short session. The House passed it last year without any consideration, doubtless assuming that it would be buried in the Senate, and in the Senate it arouses one of the closest and sharpest fights of years. The struggle is for and against the admission of each of the remaining Territories, Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Indian Territory as separate States. The antagonists of the scheme oppose the admission of Arizona and New Mexico, and favor uniting Oklahoma and Indian Territory and admitting them as one State.

Senator Quay is the leader of the Omnibus forces, and he leads with characteristic boldness and audacity. He is full of nerve, fertility and resource. If he were readier in debate, with the accessories of parliamentary equipment, he would be a powerful leader. But he is a strong partisan chief, and he makes up in part for the lack of parliamentary dexterity and debating facility by his force and his adroitness in general management. The battle columns are drawn, not entirely but nearly, along party lines The great body of the Republican Senators and all of the recognized strong men, except Quay and Foraker, are against the Omnibus bill. Behind Quay are a few straggling Senators from the Rockies and the bulk of the Democrats

Senator Quay has thrown himself into the fight with all his aggressive energy and determination He wages the battle much as he waged the tariff fight, in which he coolly and calmly brought forth his barrel of inexhaustible manuscript whenever he wanted a concession or objected to a rate, and proceeded complacently to read away until his adversaries in sheer desperation yielded as the price of relief. He is a warrior who uses every weapon. A letter turns up in which he advises that Arizona shall go Democratic in order to influence the Democratic Senators, and he sheds it as a duck sheds rain. The point is made that his particular friends have interests to be promoted, and he answers that it is his pleasure to serve his friends That is a kind of warfare which it is hard to combat

The leadership of the opponents of the Omnibus bill devolves on Senator Beveridge as chairman of the Committee on Territories. He engages in the contest with all his ardor and earnestness. His position in the Senate is steadily advancing. He came there with a high reputation as an orator, but with the challenge which faces a new member He encountered the prejudice directed against his youth, and the inquisition aroused by his undisguised purpose to achieve a place and make an impress. But with his ability, his studious industry, his patriotism, his high ideals, his unselfish devotion to the public interests, he disarmed the challenge and has rapidly gained in the esteem of his associates. He has not made the mistake of speaking too often in the Senate, but he has been a power on the stump, and the range, elevation and cogency of his speeches have commanded respect and confidence

In fighting the Omnibus bill Senator Beveridge will have the help of Senators Aldrich, Allison, Spooner, Hanna, Hale, Lodge, Platt of Connecticut, and practically all of the recognized Republican leaders. Senator Quay started with an undoubted majority of the Senate. But the array on the other side is a powerful force to stand up against. Under ordinary circumstances it would be irresistible. The indications now are that it will win this battle. It has already picked off a man here and there from Senator Quay's column, and all the influence it can exert will be put forth until the fight is ended

It has the argument of the obvious unfitness of Arizona and New Mexico for admission, their scanty population, their alien character, their illiteracy, the aridness of the land, the hopelessness of any material advance, the recognized mistake of premature admissions heretofore made, and various other considerations amplifying and enforcing these. The objections to giving these two Territories, with all their manifest disabilities, a power in national legislation equal to that of New York and Pennsylvania put together, for they would have an equal vote in the Senate, seem conclusive. But it will be a hard and vigorous struggle, and though the present signs point to the defeat of the Omnibus bill that result is not yet fully assured

### *The Trusts and the Tariff*

The overshadowing interest of the Venezuela question and the absorption of the Senate in the Statehood contest have put the two leading points of the President's message, the trusts and the tariff, to one side for the hour. But with the resumption of the session after the holiday recess they will reappear—reappear only in the case of one of them to be hung up without any immediate and definite action. It is plain that nothing can be done with the tariff at the short session. Any real consideration would consume at least three months, probably much more, and only two months remain. The most that can be undertaken is to instruct the Ways and Means and Finance Committees to take up the tariff for examination and review with a view to future action.

The suggestion of a commission of outside experts, to which the President is inclined, is not likely to be adopted. There is, indeed, very much to be said in its favor. Such a body, judiciously constituted, could make a more searching and scientific investigation of the tariff than the committees of Congress. Approaching the subject from the two standpoints of maintaining the protective principle and of applying it intelligently and fairly in the best interests of general business, the commission could readjust the schedules on the most equitable basis in the light of present conditions. When

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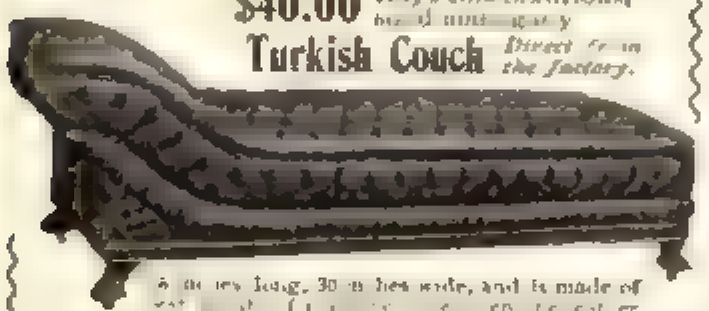

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the committees frame them it is more a matter of give and take. But Congress is jealous of commissions. It is unwilling to commit its power to an outside body. If it created a commission it would not follow the report but would make a new investigation and a new measure of its own. Under these circumstances it will be disposed to keep the question in its own hands, and the most it will do at this session is to direct an inquiry as to the basis of legislation in the future

The question of trust legislation is in a different position. The President is pressing it as more immediate, and in every way it is more easily handled. It is complex in its elements, but limited in its range. It is intricate in its problems and methods, but direct and restricted in its objects. Unlike the tariff, which covers a great variety of interests, each requiring its own special study, it is addressed to the one subject of Federal regulation of corporations engaged in interstate commerce. But though simple in form trust legislation is exceedingly difficult in essence and in substance. Though capable of being compressed into two or three printed pages, it will perplex the deepest wisdom to frame it so that it will be effective without being injurious and practical without being unconstitutional.

No man has yet framed it. The Sherman anti-trust law was prepared and passed thirteen years ago, before the trust problem had reached its present proportions. Just how much virtue it possesses has never been fully tried It was long dormant, and its recent revival and application have yet to pass the judicial test. But, however sound within its scope, it falls short of present needs as demonstrated by the later trust developments. How to supplement and complete it with additional legislation is the problem, and no man has yet solved it

One of the most interesting announcements of the day is that Senator Hoar is preparing such a measure. He is chairman of the Judiciary Committee and recognized as a profound lawyer. He was the real author of the essential and vital part of the Sherman Act, and has expressed the conviction that this law does not exhaust the constitutional power of Congress on the subject. One of the most penetrating and suggestive speeches on the question of trusts and their regulation was that which was made by Senator Hoar during the late campaign. He has no demagogic spirit; he is impelled only by the highest devotion to the public welfare; and his utterances are the fruit of deep reflection

If any trust legislation shall pass at this session it will be because the President insists on it, and if he can carry a well considered measure it will be a great tribute to his influence and his leadership. Nothing short of his earnest force will secure it. Such a project will naturally and honestly excite divisions and occasion debate. It would be quite remarkable if, with the novelty of the subject and the difficulties which surround it, a satisfactory law could be perfected in a single short session, and it will not be surprising if it goes over

# The Poets at a House-Party

## By CAROLYN WELLS

[*A modern mortal having inadvertently stumbled in upon a house-party of poets given on Mount Olympus, being called upon to justify his presence there by writing a poem, offered a Limerick. Whereupon each poet scoffed, and the mortal, offended, challenged them to do better with the same theme.*]

### The Limerick

A scholarly person named Finck
Went mad in the effort to think
  Which were graver misplaced,
  To dip pen in his paste,
Or dip his paste-brush in the ink.

### Omar Khayyam's Version

Stay, fellow traveler, let us stop and think,
Pause and reflect on the abysmal brink,
  Say, would you rather thrust your pen in paste,
Or dip your paste-brush carelessly in ink?

### Rudyard Kipling's Version

Here is a theme that is worthy of our cognizance,
  A theme of great importance and a question for your ken,
Would you rather—stop and think well—
Dip your paste-brush in your ink-well,
  Or in your pesky pasting pot immerse your inky pen?

### Walt Whitman's Version

Hail, Camerados!
I salute you,
Also I salute the sewing-machine, and the flour-barrel, and the feather-duster.
What is an aborigine, anyhow?
I see a paste pot
Ay, and a well of ink.
Well, well!
Which shall I do?
Ah, the immortal fog.
What am I myself
But a meteor
In the fog?

### Chaucer's Version

A mayde ther ben, a wordy one and wyse,
Who wore a paire of gogles on her eyes.
O'er theemes of depest thogt her braine she werked,
Nor ever any knoty problemme sherked
Yette when they askt her if she'd rather sinke
Her penne in payste, or eke her brushe in inke,
"Ah," quo' the canny mayde, "now wit ye wel,
I'm wyse enow to know—too wyse to tel."

### Henry James' Version

She luminously wavered, and I tentatively inferred that she would soon perfectly reconsider her not altogether unobvious course. Furiously, though with a tender, ebbing similitude, across her mental consciousness stole a re-culmination of all the truths she had ever known concerning, or even remotely relating to, the not-easily fathomed qualities of paste and ink. So she stood, focused in an intensity of soul-quivers, and I, all unrelenting, waited, though of a dim uncertainty whether, after all, it might not be only a dubitant problem.

### Swinburne's Version

Shall I dip, shall I dip it, Dolores,
  This luminous paste-brush of thine?
Shall I sully its white-breasted glories,
  Its fair, foam-flecked figure divine?
Or shall I—abstracted, unheeding—
  Swish swirling this pen in my haste,
And, deaf to thy pitiful pleading,
  Just jab it in paste?

### Eugene Field's Version

See the Ink Bottle on the Desk! It is full of Nice Black Ink. Why, the Paste-Pot is there, Too! Let us watch Papa as he sits down to write. Oh, he is going to paste a Second-hand Stamp on a Letter. See, he has dipped his Brush in the Ink by Mistake. Oh, what a Funny Mistake! Now, although it is Winter, we may have to Endure the Heated Term

### Stephen Crane's Version

I stood upon a church spire,
A slender, pointed spire,
And I saw
Ranged in solemn row before me,
A paste-pot and an ink-pot
I held in my either hand
A pen and a brush
Ay, a pen and a brush
Now this is the strange part;
I stood upon a church spire,
A slender, pointed spire,
Glad, exultant,
Because
The choice was mine!
Ay, mine!
As I stood upon a church spire,
A slender, pointed spire

### Mr. Dooley's Version

"I see by th' pa-apers, Hennessy," said Mr. Dooley, "that they'se a question up for dee-bate."

"What's a dee-bate?" asked Mr. Hennessy

"Well, it's different from fish-bait," returned Mr. Dooley, "an' it's like this, if I can bate it into the thick head of ye. A lot of people argyfies an' argyfies to decide, as in the prisint instance, whether a man 'd rayther shtick his pastin'-brush in his ink-shtand, or if he'd like it betther to be afther dippin' his pen in his pashte pot

"Thot," said Mr. Hennessy, "is a foolish question, an' only fools wud argyfy about such a thing as thot."

"That's what makes it a dee-bate," said Mr. Dooley.

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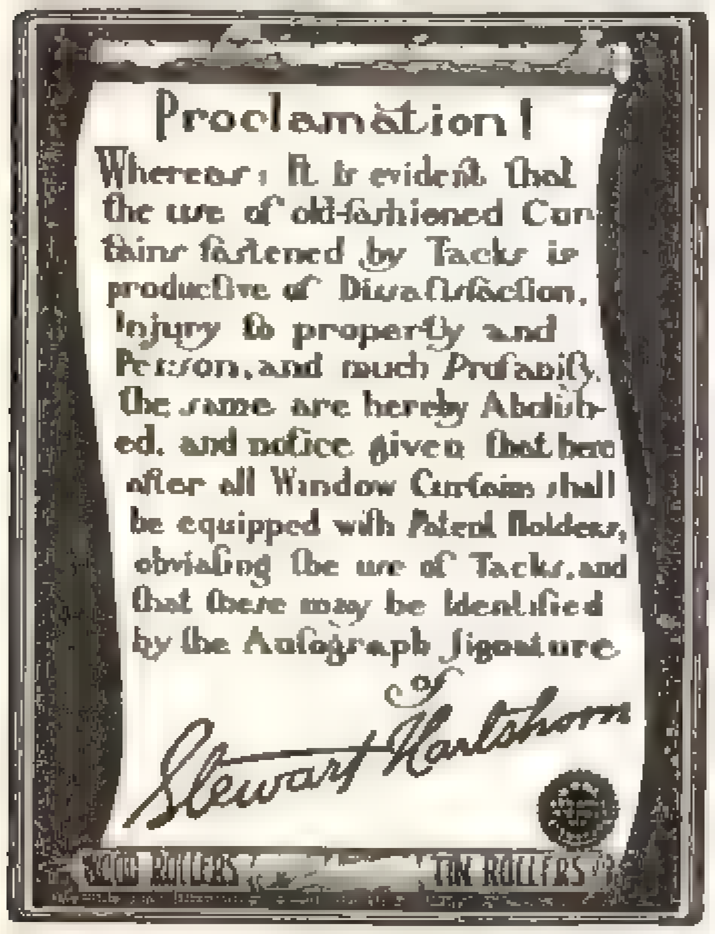

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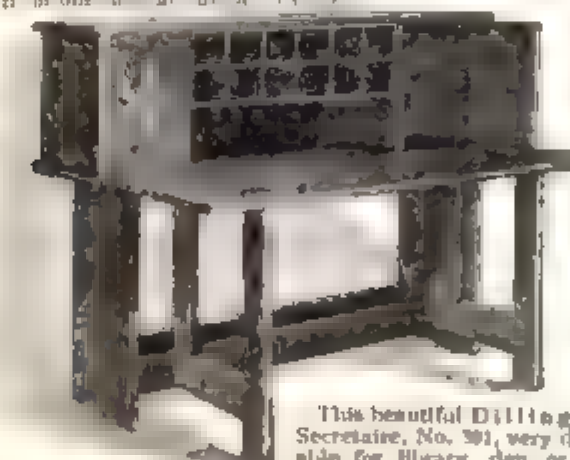

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## *The* Reading Table

### To Him that Hath

BERNARD N. BAKER has become one of the richest men in the South. Five generations of his family have lived in Baltimore. He graduated from Yale and returned to his city. He had ideas and he proceeded to work them out. Baltimore had an interesting commerce but it was capable of development. First he formed a lighterage company. A small steamship was chartered. Then another ship was added. Next the Atlantic Transport Company was organized, and it had its trials, but through them all its president, Mr. Baker, was never discouraged. He constantly increased the line until he had regular services from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Prosperity came, and a few months ago he placed orders in American yards for some of the finest ships ever designed

When the new trust cut out some of the Baltimore offices, Mr. Baker gave two years' salary to those who lost their places through this change and one full year's salary to all the other employees, thus distributing among his young men—they were nearly all under forty—the comfortable total of $350,000

A man who visits Baltimore tells a story about Mr. Baker, whom he admires. "Eight years ago," he said, "I was down there and met a friend, and in the course of conversation said something of a complimentary sort about Baker. I noticed my friend was silent, and I asked him what was the matter. 'Oh, nothing,' he replied, 'only a man isn't always big because he thinks million dollar ideas on stockholders' money.' I was in Baltimore the other day and I met the same friend. He was as happy as a clam at the high tide of prosperity, for he had profited largely from Mr. Baker's success, and I mentioned Baker's name again, which was hardly necessary, when everybody was speaking it. 'Baker is a wonder,' said my friend. 'He has the genius of foresight, and it does a few of us a mighty lot of good to feel that we had confidence in him all the way along.' I could not help recalling the little conversation of eight years previous, and my friend very properly flushed. 'Well,' he said finally, 'to tell you the honest truth, when I said that the stock wasn't paying any dividend and nobody wanted to buy it.'

"I always tell this little story," concluded the man, "when I hear about the old fellows who blow over their confidence in a man after the man has won. As a matter of fact, Baker pushed through extraordinary difficulties, and he succeeded because he is a most remarkable man, with real American grit."

* * *

## IMPERTINENT POEMS

By Edmund Vance Cooke

### (VIII) DIAGNOSIS

YOU have a grudge against the man
  Who did the thing you couldn't do.
You hatched the scheme, you laid the plan,
  And yet you couldn't push it through.
You strained your soul and couldn't win;
  He gave a breath and it was easy.
You smile and swallow your chagrin,
  But, oh, the swallow makes you queasy.
I know the illness, for, you see,
The diet never pleases me.

Your dearest friend has made a strike,
  Has placed his mark above the crowd,
Has won the thing which you would like,
  And you are glad for him and proud.
Your tongue is swift, your cheek is red,
  When some one speaks to his detraction,
And yet the fact the thing is said
  Affords you half a satisfaction.
I see the workings of your mind,
Because my own is so inclined.

You tell me fame is a hollow squeak,
  You say that wealth is carking care;
To live care-free a single week
  Is more than years of work and wear.
Alexander weeps his highest place,
  Diogenes is happy snoning:
What matters it who wins the race,
  If one has had the joy of running?
And yet, you covet prize and pelf—
I know it, for I do myself

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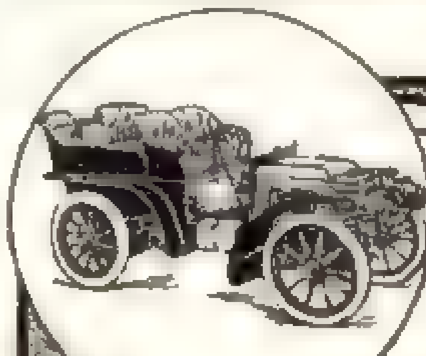

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# GOLDEN FLEECE

*(Continued from Page 3)*

The night before they landed she and Frothingham sat on deck late, her father dozing in a chair at a discreet distance. Both were depressed—the sense that they were once more about to plunge into the whirlpool of life made each sad. Honoria was remembering the past; Frothingham was brooding over the future. If he had dared he would have proposed to her. "She'd make a satisfactory wife," he said to himself. "She's just enough English to understand me and to make my people like her. She wouldn't get on their nerves. And she doesn't talk through her nose except when she's excited. She's a little too clever—but a steady goer, once the harness is on. If I could get her it would be good business, good swift business."

"You're a queer sort," he said to her suddenly. "Most girls are full of getting married. But I don't believe you give it a thought."

"I sha'n't ever marry," she replied.

He laughed. "Oh, I say, that's nonsense. Every girl must marry. You may as well make up your mind to it, close your eyes, shut your teeth and dash in."

"You might not think it," she said after a pause, "but I'm like you English—I'm horribly, incurably sentimental. I know it's foreign to my bringing up, but——" Her jaw set, and her eyes fixed upon something visible only to her in the blackness beyond the rail. "My bringing up was all wrong and rotten," she went on presently. "I don't know just how or where, but I know it's so. I began to feel it dimly when I visited my aunt in America four years ago. My mother died when I was a baby, and I was trained by my father and governesses—governesses that suited him. My father—— But I needn't tell you, and you probably don't sympathize with me. His one idea in life is social position. It seems to me a contemptible ambition for a man. With women—there's some excuse for it. We're naturally petty. And, so far as I can see it, as the world is made up, if we haven't got that we haven't got anything. We can't have any other ambition—it's the only one open to us. Well, I haven't got even ambition. I want—that is, I wanted——"

She paused again, resisting the mood that was urging her on to confidence. "By Jove," thought Frothingham, "it wouldn't be hard for a man to love her."

"No matter what it was I wanted," she went on, "I didn't get it—and sha'n't, ever." She turned her face toward him. "You may misunderstand me—may think I'm in love and hopelessly disappointed—there's a story of that kind going round. But I'm not in love. I was—but I'm not now."

"Do you think one ever gets over it?" he asked absently.

She did not answer.

"I'm afraid not—at least, not thoroughly," he answered himself. There were two faces out there in the blackness into which they were staring, but each was seeing only one.

"One ought to get over it—one must," she said slowly, "when one finds that the person one cared for is a bad lot. But"—she sighed under her breath—"I might marry, yes, would, if I needed a home or money. But I don't. So I shall be much better contented alone. I'll never believe deeply in any human being again."

"You mustn't take life so seriously," he said gently. "You'll change before you're twenty-five."

"So my father thinks." She looked at Frothingham with a mischievous, audacious smile. "He thinks I shall change immediately—and marry—you!"

Frothingham gasped.

"How funny and fishlike you look," she said, laughing at him. "You're in no danger. Do you suppose I'd have said that if I'd had you on my list? No, I like you, *but—but!*"

"You may change your mind," he recovered himself sufficiently to say.

"No—you're safe. I spoke out because I wish to be friends with you. I don't especially admire your purpose in going to America. But at least you're frank about it."

"I? Why, Miss Longview—I——" Frothingham began to protest, pushing at his dislodging eyeglass.

"Don't prevaricate. You wouldn't do it well. As I was about to say, I wish to be friends with you. And it's impossible for a woman and a man to be friends when either is harboring matrimonial designs against the other, or fancies the other is harboring them."

"I certainly have to marry somebody," said Frothingham mournfully.

"Yes—I know. Father explained about you. He's up on every titled family in England above the baronet. And he's determined that I shall be a countess at the very least. He says he has the money to buy it—and possibly he has. But"—she was intent upon the blackness again—"I shall never go back to England," she said. "I shall stay in America—with a visit to Paris and the Riviera now and then."

"That'll cheer your father when he hears it," drawled Frothingham. He coughed and stammered and added in an embarrassed, apologetic tone, "And I don't like to hear a girl as young and attractive as you are talk in that ghastly way."

She looked at him with a teasing smile.

"You'll make some woman a good husband," she said. "Selfish and flighty, perhaps, but on the whole good. I'll be glad to help you—with some other girl. In fact, I've one in mind—an acquaintance in New York—we call each the other friend, and I'm fond of her, as that sort of thing goes with women."

He began to stammer again and she saw that he was still hanging hopefully over her father's plan. "If I were a marrying woman and ambitious," she went on, "I'd think seriously of having a cast at you. But I'm neither, so I can appreciate your assets quite impartially."

"I've got nothing," he said, "nothing but debts."

"Debts are an asset—if contracted in a way that would seem romantic to a girl. Then, there's your title. That's a big asset either in England or America. And you've got a fairly good disposition and nice manners, and you pretend indifference charmingly, assisted by your eyeglass. And your character is not too bad. Not too good, either. I've heard one or two rather thick stories of you. If I were your wife I'd keep an eye on the money—you *will* gamble. But your character is well up to the average for our kind of people."

"I've been rather bad, I'm afraid," he said, in the shallowly penitent tone in which human beings glory in the sins they are proud of. "I've been as bad as I knew how to be."

"All of us are that, I fancy," replied Honoria, rising. "I sha'n't trouble you to confess to me. Save it for—her. Good-night." She put out her hand friendlily. "I think we shall be friends."

Frothingham looked after her as she went with her father down the deck toward the main companionway. "She *is* a queer lot," he muttered. "I suppose that's American. Well, if it's a fair specimen, I certainly sha'n't be bored in America."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* * *

## Why Tears are Salt

RECENT announcements of scientists as to the wonderful properties of salt and saline solutions in sustaining and renewing life have directed much attention to this substance.

"It is curious when you come to think of it," said a chemist in the Smithsonian Institution, "that salt is the only mineral we use as an article of diet.

"Indispensable as it now is, however, it is an acquired taste. Aborigines that lived by the chase did not salt their meat. Many nomadic tribes still refuse to use salt.

"The tribes of Arctic Russia and Siberia devour decayed fish with great relish. The Russian Government seeking to improve their food supply issued a mandate that their fish should be salted. The inhabitants obediently complied with the order, but as the ukase did not include any order about eating the fish thus salted, the tribes continued to live on their unsalted and reeking diet.

"Tribes in Africa, however, and in other lands depending on vegetable diet naturally take to salt. In America agricultural or sedentary tribes have gone to war for the possession of saline springs.

"With the progress of civilization and the use of a mixed diet salt has become so universal a condiment that it has permeated the whole human system. The blood is saline in taste, human tears are salty, and every tissue of the body is bathed and cleansed by salt.

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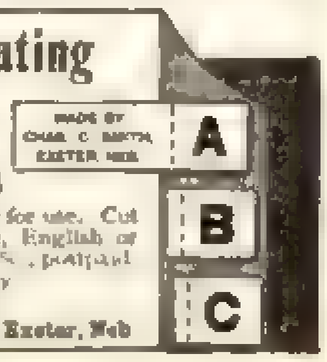
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# "ROMANCES OF THE WORLD'S GREAT MINES"

AN ARTICLE in one of the December magazines tells of the fortunes produced by a few famous mines. We hear of the great successes and "strikes," but seldom of the heart-breaking failures. The best-known gold mine in America, and perhaps in the world, was once traded for a mule. The owner either did not have money or energy enough to develop his hidden wealth. A company was subsequently formed to work the property and only after the hardest of struggles against indifference and unbelief were the promoters able to raise enough money to barely start the enterprise. That mine is to-day pointed to everywhere as an ideally safe investment. Modern mining is not a business in which a poor man or a small company can succeed once in a hundred times. Crushing plants, smelters, concentrators, cyanide tanks and the ore hoisting and carrying plants involve vast expense before the modern mine is properly equipped to earn money for its owners. Trace the history of any great mine and you will go back to the day when its stock sold for but a fraction of its present market value, or almost went begging.

OUR first impulse in offering stock of the "Majestic" is always to simply state a few facts about the vast mineral wealth of this splendid combination of copper, gold, silver, lead, zinc and iron mines. If we stated here what we actually believe and what we actually know about this combination of riches, not one reader in ten thousand would believe our statements. In presenting our claims to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST we make but two requests: First, send for our book, "Above and Below the Surface," by return mail; Second, if it is possible for you to do so, join one of the parties which we are sending out to personally inspect the mines. Private cars and dining car direct to the mines and return. Unimpeachable references are required, for each member of the party must be above reproach. As our largest subscriptions have been received from persons who have seen and examined the property, we shall send investors to see for themselves whenever it is possible. **We can and will prove** every statement we make in our book, "Above and Below the Surface," by actual development work already completed.

### *What We Offer*

## The "Majestic"

### Combination of Copper, Gold, Silver, Lead, Zinc and Iron Mines

This vast property, located in Beaver County, Utah, embraces eight groups of mines:

1. O. K.
2. Old Hickory
3. Vicksburg
4. Harrington-Hickory
5. Larkspur
6. Hoosier Boy
7. Copperfield
8. Treasure

Of 2,400 acres in area; also hundreds of acres included in Smelter Site and New Town Site, more water than needed, brick and lime on property. Upwards of 20,000 feet of actual underground development work — shafts, drifts, cross cuts, winzes, etc. An excess of 100,000 tons of available ore on the dumps, estimated by experts to be worth between **$1,000,000 and $2,000,000.**

## What Capitalists Say Who Have Visited the Mines

**E. H. HOTCHKISS, of Hotchkiss Bros., Lumber Dealers, Torrington, Conn.** "I am impressed with the Majestic much more favorably than I anticipated and to such an extent that I am agreeably surprised. While the reports given out regarding the Majestic by Messrs. Chapman, Mucklow & Bosson regarding the holdings of the Company were by a good many considered as being overdrawn, I am fully convinced that the full truth regarding these properties has not been told. In my opinion the Majestic, in point of value and promise, ranks among the best in the West."

**HON. D. N. MORGAN (Ex-Treasurer of the United States), Bridgeport, Conn.** — "All of the statements made to me of the values of the Majestic Mining and Smelting Company's properties have been fully verified by personal examination. Corroboration of these statements have been the unqualified opinions of eminent experts and others who have for years made a study and inspection of the mining industry of the United States. I believe that the Company has a wonderful future before it."

**JOHN M. DICK, Hartford, Conn.** "I had heard many strong words in favor of the Majestic as an investment that would bring large returns, and, on the strength of some investigation covering a period of six months I secured quite a good holding of the Company's stock, which I considered most excellent. My impressions since personally going over the property, are such that I feel that I must double my holdings, and have decided to do so."

**SIDNEY E. PACKARD, Box Manufacturer, Brockton, Mass.** "My impressions were favorable before coming, and they are now more than confirmed by what I have seen. I believe that the management is honest and able, and I shall increase my holdings in the stock of the Company."

**GEORGE E. KEITH, Shoe Manufacturer, Brockton, Mass.** — "I had but little knowledge of the Majestic before making this trip, but I am very favorably impressed with its value; so much so that I will take a much larger block of the stock of the Company upon my return home. Am fully satisfied that this is a good investment. Have never seen anything in the mining line that will compare with the Majestic."

## We Hold The World's Record

### For High-Grade Ore

We have sent to the public smelters 1,200 tons of ore from the O. K. mine, which holds the world's record for high-grade copper ore. The actual result for 1,200 tons was.

40.9 per cent. Copper
$5.00 per ton Gold
$3.00 per ton Silver

**EVERY TON WAS WORTH $100 NET**

Many thousands, and tens of thousands, of tons of the same quality ore are in sight for our smelters, which are now being erected by the Colorado Iron Works Company of Denver. There are, of course, enormous quantities of low-grade ore in addition to the high grade. Yet all this is a "mere bagatelle." Still it is more than enough (without further development) to pay back the total capitalization of the Majestic Company

And the "O. K." is only one of the eight great mines in the "Majestic" combination.

## FEATURES

The great need of the Majestic property is an adequate smelter. Two months' operation of the 350-ton plant in process of construction, and which will shortly be in operation, will put the Majestic property in an absolutely independent position.

A handsome dividend is expected during the year 1903, and only a delay in the erection of the smelter can prevent this dividend. The contractors assure us it will be completed on time, January 25, 1903. Remember we have over a million dollars worth of ore mined and on the dumps ready for the smelter

## MANAGEMENT

Mr. William A. Farish, one of the best-known mining experts in the country, has made a contract to act as General Manager for the Majestic Company for three years, and is now devoting his whole time to the development of the property.

The small block of stock we have for sale at $7.50 per share (par value $10.00) is being subscribed for so rapidly that we reserve the privilege of withdrawing this price without notice. An investigation is invited from the most conservative investors in stocks and bonds. The stock will be listed on the leading mining exchanges. Send your name and address on postal, or if more convenient, fill out blank, and copy of "Above and Below the Surface," a handsome 44-page illustrated book, will be sent free by return mail.

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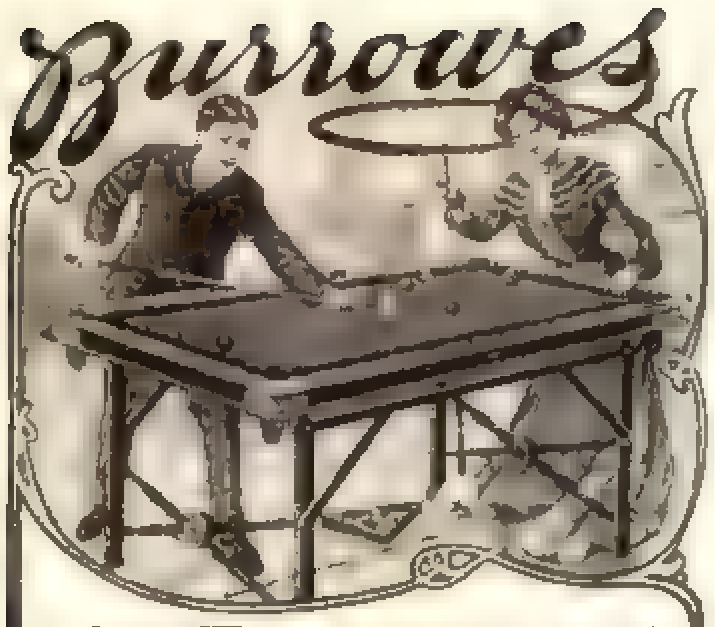

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# Between the Lines

### *The Pursuit of Happiness*

YOU will find here nine stories," writes Dr. Henry Van Dyke in the foreword of The Blue Flower *(Scribners)*. . . . "I wished to bring them into one book because they seemed to me like parts of the same story —the story of the search for happiness, which is life." And so the author with his delicate and fragrant art has wrought out these tales. For the most part their atmosphere is legendary or idyllic. This is the literature of the ideal, rare enough in these latter days. It is the literature of sentiment and, as it were, of allegory, and there may be those who will grow impatient at the elusiveness of The Blue Flower, those who would prefer the search for happiness to be realized abruptly and concretely in the unearthing of the buried pot of gold. But this is not life, nor is it happiness. It is an artist, an artist of imagination and delicate perception, who has idealized the quest for happiness in sometimes evasive and always charming pictures which will not lack appreciation.

### *Marion Crawford's New Novel*

The practiced hand of F. Marion Crawford has given us a most readable story in his new novel of modern Rome, Cecilia *(The Macmillan Company)*. The friendship of Damon and Pythias, the betrothal of the modern Vestal Cecilia to the one friend, the mystical affiliation between Cecilia and the other, the loyalty of the latter, the defeat of intrigue, and the final unraveling of the tangle, with happiness on one side and renunciation on the other, provide the elements of a tale which will be read with sustained interest and satisfaction. Mr. Crawford knows his craft. The short-story motive is never called upon to maintain the weight of the novel, but there is always a thorough construction and continuous development with a constant interplay of motives and of interest.

### *Bishop Potter on Social Questions*

The text of Bishop Potter's Yale lectures, The Citizen in his Relation to the Industrial Situation *(Scribners)*, is the brotherhood of man. By this, it is hardly necessary to say, is meant a brotherhood moral and religious, something far removed from a socialistic state. With the sanity and common-sense and catholic sympathy characteristic of this eminent public teacher, Bishop Potter holds the balance even. He condemns the prejudiced socialist and he points the finger of reprobation at the unjust employer and the dishonest capitalist. His book offers a plea for equity and the practical application of the teachings of Christ.

In these times of readjustment of social and economic questions it furnishes much food for thought.

### *A Sentimental Journey*

The dog reappears as the central character of Alfred Ollivant's Danny *(Doubleday, Page & Co.)*. Now John Brown's classic Rab was a tale of true sentiment. The story which introduced Mr. Ollivant's Bob, Son of Battle, is described by his title. The author's second story is a tale of sentimentality. Danny was the pet of the child wife of a dour Laird, who is plagued by an evil hag whose husband he had slain and her half-idiot son. Danny is taken to the hearts of the Laird and his eccentric old servants, and he seems to reduce them to a state of semi-hysteria which culminates in his suicide after he has been banned by the Laird on a false charge invented by the malicious Simon. The folk-talk is often piquant, but the author's straining for effect leaves the reader with an impatient longing for greater simplicity and directness.

### *Gray Days in New England*

Mr. F. J. Stimson, lawyer, novelist and writer of excellent short stories, furnishes two strong novelettes in the volume called Jethro Bacon and The Weaker Sex *(Scribners)*. The first is the bleak but vigorous story of the Cape Cod cranberry farmer who leads a double life, and the second a tale of urban submerged life and a woman's sacrifice for love. They are not cheerful studies, but they are convincing as regards the author's power and art.

### *Backwoods School Life*

Ralph Connor's Glengarry Schooldays *(Revell)* is another wholesome tale of Scotch, Irish and English settlers in the backwoods

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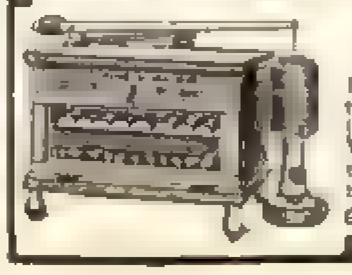

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### Concerning Your Boy

To what degree Mr. Nathaniel C. Fowler's book, The Boy: How to Help Him Succeed *(The Oakwood Publishing Company)*, will be profitable his own test of experience will demonstrate; but that it is interesting — interesting to men who have failed or who have succeeded, to men who are balancing between success and failure, to men who have been boys themselves and now have boys of their own to bring up, to educators, economists, moralists, and to practical men of affairs concerned in the development of their aids and subordinates — most interesting, cannot be doubted

Mr. Fowler, starting with the supposition that success is "the best possible at its time," that "in the arithmetic of life ability plus opportunity equals success," and may, without too much weighing of values, be defined as "the favorable and profitable termination of the thing attempted, the satisfactory issue of effort, the ending corresponding with the aims and desire entertained," felt himself concerned with the shortest and easiest part of that desire, whether of the boy himself or of his parents and advisers. Cautioned by the wise saw that "opinionists are afraid of experience," he resolved to form his own opinions only after experiment He sent out a series of twenty-five questions to bankers, merchants, manufacturers chemists, engineers, college presidents, doctors, lawyers — to everybody except beggarman, thief. To these he received in all three hundred and twenty-one answers. The first seven chapters and one hundred and twenty-eight pages of the book contain the doctrine of conduct drawn from these answers. The remaining two chapters are, respectively, a tabulated analysis of the answers as ayes, qualified ayes, noes, qualified noes, and non-committals, and the textual reply, in full, of each individual, given over his signature

Questions and answers make most suggestive reading. Should a boy go to college? Should he stick to the country or try the cities? Should he embark on business for himself, if he sees a fair chance? Or should he stay with the house that employs him, for a larger salary? What should he read? Is strict honesty necessary to business success? What vices of character bring about the largest number of failures? Such is the main trend of the inquiry

One reads at large in the answers that a boy should go to college no matter what his plans may be for later life, but that he never should be forced into college; that he should try the cities if he is ambitious; that he should go into business for himself when he may—even, on the whole, with borrowed capital; that the Bible and Shakespeare should be his reading (one author modestly specifies his own works); that honesty is overwhelmingly the best policy; and that lack of ability, lack of judgment, lack of perseverance, lack of application are the defects, and bad habits and extravagance—the two go hand in hand—the vices of character that wreck the machine. It is significant that where extravagance is mentioned thirty-three times as an element contributive to failure, bad luck is mentioned once and adverse circumstances twice.

President Eliot, of Harvard, to the question, Which, in your opinion, contributes the more to success—ability or experience? answers ability—*ability will get experience.* Mr. Paul Dana asks pertinently enough of the question, In choosing a trade, business or profession, would you advise the boy to enter the one for which he has a decided preference? *Why not?* Why not, indeed! It is worth while noting, however, in this connection, that the consensus of opinion is that a man may win success by application in even the most distasteful work. So, when the question of honesty comes, a strong minority regretfully holds with Machiavelli that honesty in small matters is essential and the *appearance* of it in larger matters—a stand which it is very hard to attack empirically, but which Mr. Dana, again, exposes morally with his Parthian reply: *Is the safe-cracker who gets away successful?*

It is possible here to quote briefly only. Careful examination of the questions and replies in full, with the tabulated analysis as a corrective for individual bias, will prove much more satisfactory. The book is one of those rare combinations sure to interest both the thoughtful and the shallow.

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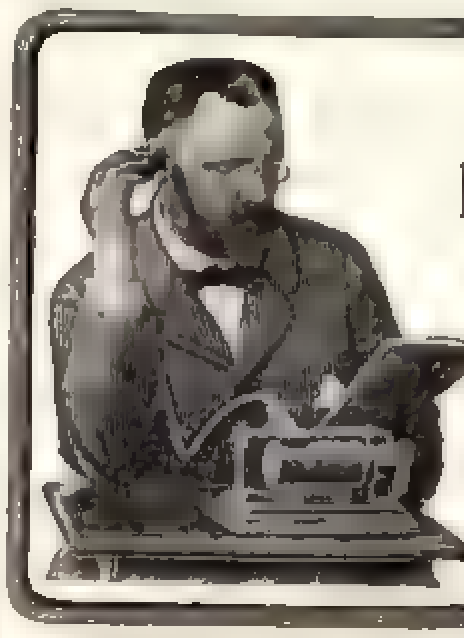

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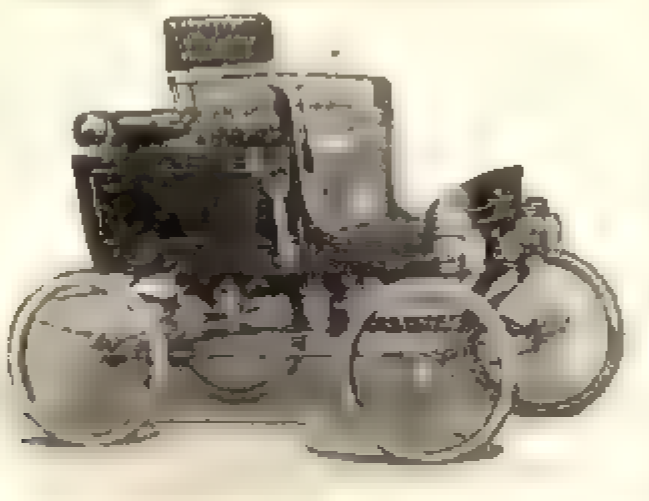

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## A PECULIAR PEOPLE

*(Continued from Page 9)*

peopled by Quakers, all agents for the Underground Railway to Canada. Hence the only slaves we had were those who were too comfortable and satisfied with us to run away. We knew "the institution" at its best, and usually listened to the furious attacks on it with indifferent contempt

There was one family, newcomers, who were accused of being emissaries of Garrison. I do not know how truthfully. They were illiterate, noisy radicals, believers in spiritualism, in divorce, and in woman's rights. They lived in a little farmhouse on the edge of the borough. In the spring of 1859 a tall, gaunt old man visited them, who came into the town sometimes, stalking up and down the streets with his eyes fixed and lips moving like a man under the influence of morphia. After he had disappeared it was told that he was a poor farmer from the West who was insane on the question of slavery, and that he had brought a quantity of huge pikes and axes to the house of our new neighbors, with which the slaves in town were to kill their masters whenever there should be an uprising

I remember how we all laughed at the story. The children used to tease the old black aunties and uncles to show them how they meant to stab them with pikes or behead them with axes when the day came. We thought it a very good joke. But five months later, when the old farmer died at Harper's Ferry, on that bright October day, the whole world looking on with bated breath, the pikes were brought out of hiding by his friends, who declared that they never had meant to give them to the negroes to use, and had thought the old man mad

The race for whom he had made the pikes certainly never would have used them. They are not a cruel nor malignant people. During the Civil War the women and children of the South were under the protection of their slaves, and I never have heard of a single instance in which they abused the trust

I married during the Civil War and came to live in the North, where I met many of the men and women who had kindled the fire under the caldron

In the flush of victory their motives and oddities came out more plainly. I will tell you of some of them another day.

**Editor's Note — The second paper on A Peculiar People will appear next week.**

* * *

## With Lincoln's Indorsement

"IN 1853 I went to Springfield to study law," said Senator Cullom, "and one of my first friendships there was with Abraham Lincoln.

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"My inclination was to go forthwith to Lincoln and ask him to lend me that amount, but I soon satisfied myself that he, too, had no bank account Nevertheless I went to him.

"'Mr. Lincoln,' I said, 'I wish very much that I had $1000.'

"He looked at me good-humoredly.

"'My boy,' he remarked, 'I thought from the first that we were kindred spirits.'

"Then Lincoln asked me seriously what he could do for me, and when I had stated my case he said 'You just make out your note for $1000 and I'll indorse it and we'll go over to the bank and get the money.'

"I confess," continued Senator Cullom, "that I was staggered. But I underestimated then the economic value of unassailable integrity

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"When I first came to Congress, a few months before Lincoln's assassination," continued Senator Cullom, "I again had need of an indorser and I ventured to go to the President

"'Yes, I'll indorse your note gladly,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'but you must not be surprised,' he added merrily, 'if they refuse you, for you see they know me better now than they used to when I was in Springfield.'"

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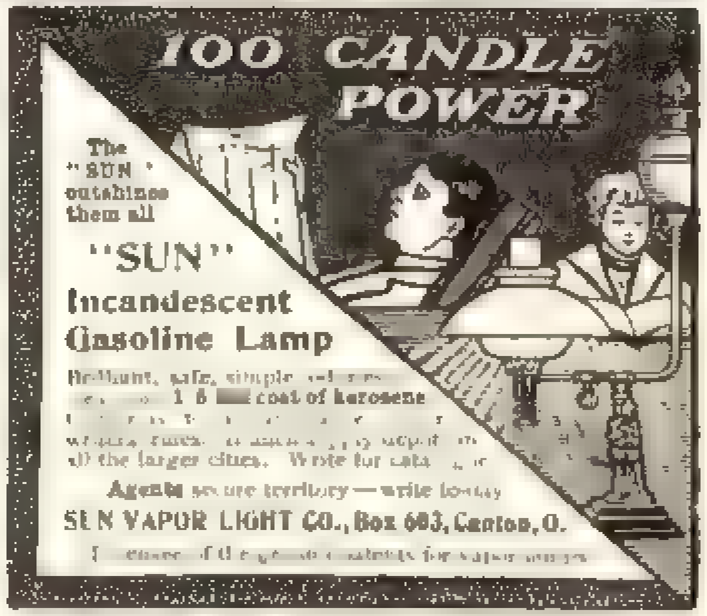

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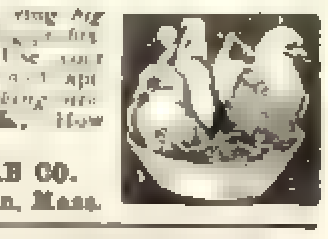

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# The Rubber Industry in South America

RUBBER is the elastic material that ties the world together. Those who first discovered a commercial use for rubber two hundred years ago in India — hence the name India rubber — little thought that there would come a time which historians would chronicle as the rubber age. That age is the present time; for rubber is unquestionably foremost in importance, in a certain sense, in the commercial progress of the world. This is called also the electrical age, but it is rubber that makes possible the manifold applications of electricity. For example, if the Pacific cable were to be built within the present year, its construction would consume the entire available supply of rubber in the United States to-day.

Comparatively little use was made of rubber before Goodyear was led by his genius to the discovery of a scientific treatment of the crude product which gave to the world a new commercially available product of extraordinary value in advancing the arts of modern civilization. Rubber has now become a vital necessity, its production assuming vast proportions and its consumption a dominant factor in a great number of industries

Every day a new use is found for rubber. Manufacturers separate the products into five divisions (1) Foot-wear; (2) Mechanical Goods; (3) Clothing; (4) Druggists' Sundries; (5) Hard Rubber Over thirty per cent. of all these manufactured rubber goods is represented by boots and shoes, this branch of the industry giving employment to twenty thousand workmen who produce annually forty million dollars' worth of rubber footwear. Altogether the rubber factories of the United States use yearly over sixty million pounds of rubber, turning it out again in thousands of different useful articles. Horses and human beings alike are clothed with rubber and wire is covered with it. The carriage wheel is tired with it, and the vehicle that has not a rubber tire is called old-fashioned. Miles of rubber hose are used in gardens, railroad cars, and a hundred other places where water, steam and gas are used. Then comes rubber belting and matting. Notice the rubber mats on floors and stairs and aboard ship, and the mats under ice pitchers, the mats on the cigar stand for change! Typewriter manufacturers need rubber in immense quantities for the rollers; a quarter of a million dollars is put in billiard tables; and there is one hundred thousand dollars' worth of rubber used in the carpet sweepers made annually. The tiny pieces of rubber sunk into lead pencils for erasers would weigh tons if collected in one pile. The rubber rings on preserve jars represent a huge fortune, one company alone using several hundred thousand pounds of rubber a year in such rings. There are immense values in rubber in the shape of rubber stamps, atomizers, air-cushions, water bottles, harness trimmings, inkwells, rulers, penholders, and fittings for pipes. Baseball and football players alone use a million dollars' worth of rubber every year.

The manufacture of all these rubber commodities has created a demand for rubber that is simply insatiable. Rubber, indeed, ranks third among American imports, being exceeded in quantity and value only by sugar and coffee. Whence comes this vast quantity of crude rubber? What are the facts relating to the world's rubber supply?

Rubber comes from South America, from the Central American States, from Western Africa, India, and the Indian Archipelago. The best rubber, however, as all the world knows, comes from just one region — and that is the region of the Amazonis, embracing a certain part of Southern Venezuela and the borders of the Amazon in Brazil. In his book on South America, Mr. Frank G Carpenter, the distinguished traveler who made a twenty-five thousand mile journey in search of industrial information, says: "Amazon rubber is the best of all rubber; it furnishes the bulk of the product and the nations of the earth pay tribute to Para." Para, it should be explained, was until recent years the capital of the rubber world. The importance of this city in the rubber industry, however, has declined of late and Manaos is now known as the greatest of rubber shipping cities. Seventy-five per cent. of all the rubber produced in the world is shipped via these two places, from either one of which ships leaving for New York often carry cargoes of rubber valued at two million dollars or more. Manaos has gained its importance as a rubber port because of its nearness to that section of the Amazonis which scientists have discovered to be the world's greatest rubber country. The country referred to is a certain strip between the Rio Orinoco and the Rio Negro in Venezuela — all of which territory has been acquired by a company of American capitalists — but that is a story that will keep until later on.

It is a significant fact that the greatest of rubber regions is now conceded to be within the borders of a country toward which the whole world is looking as the great new industrial Eldorado — Venezuela. At this present moment England and Germany have concentrated fleets of warships off the coast of that country; the ships form material evidence of the fact that England and Germany are engaged conjointly in a dispute with Venezuela. A dispute over what? Our own Monroe Doctrine would not permit England or Germany to acquire territory in Venezuela; hence is it not obvious that that which these two European nations wish most of all of Venezuela is a commercial foothold? The natural resources of that South American Republic, indeed, have aroused the cupidity of European commercial nations, and this is the real cause of the presence of the fleets of two great nations to-day off the coast of Venezuela.

As United States Minister to Venezuela, Francis B. Loomis, said: "The resources of Venezuela are by no means confined to gold. Within a few months capitalists in command of large fortunes have been making a close study of possibilities in Venezuela. They are also seeking to acquire large tracts of land for the purpose of exploiting the rubber products which they contain."

According to Minister Loomis, then, rubber is one of the greatest natural resources of Venezuela, and it is the valuable rubber forests of that country that have been acquired by the American capitalists before referred to — a circumstance which forms the theme of this story.

Before giving the reader a glimpse of this rubber region, however, it is necessary to state one or two facts concerning other rubber regions. In the Central American States, for example, and in Peru and even in Brazil, the natives cut down the rubber trees ruthlessly instead of merely tapping them, with no regard for the future. But rubber in its crude state is a sap, and should be gathered as is maple sugar sap, by tapping the tree, not by destroying it. A much larger amount of sap of course can be gathered from a given tree by cutting it down than by tapping it. But it is evident that the method pursued by the Peruvians and the Central Americans and to some extent even the Brazilians in gathering the rubber is very much like killing the goose to get the golden egg.

As the future production of rubber in the tropics is threatened by the excessive tapping, as well as the felling of the wild rubber trees by the rubber hunters, American rubber manufacturers sometimes anxiously inquire how it will be possible to supply the enormous demand in the immediate future. It is claimed that one remedy for the destruction of the wild tree is the fostering of the cultivated rubber tree. Those who have traveled in the rubber country, however, and have studied conditions there, dispute this claim. Mr. Carpenter, the traveler before referred to, says: "It takes from fifteen to twenty years after the planting before rubber trees will produce enough sap to pay for gathering it." Scientists who have studied the conditions add that it is not possible to plant and cultivate rubber trees here, there or anywhere, with any degree of commercial success, any more than it is possible to raise oranges in Maine or coffee in Montana. The fact remains, then, that the rubber industry for many years to come must depend entirely upon the wild trees.

These wild trees grow along the borders of rivers, and the particular series of streams involved in the rubber industry are the Amazonis before mentioned, the greatest rubber producing section of this greatest of rubber regions being that bordering both sides of the Rio Casiquare, between the Rio Orinoco and the Rio Negro in Venezuela — the region, in short, acquired by the Para Rubber Plantation Company. The territory thus acquired is larger than the State of Rhode Island. It is one hundred and seventy-five miles long and eight miles wide, with the Rio Casiquiare forming a natural canal flowing almost directly through its centre. The total area is fourteen hundred square miles, an area greater than that of Rhode Island by more than two hundred square miles. To put these figures in another way, the property embraces one million acres, the number of rubber trees averaging six to an acre, making at least six million wild rubber trees now matured and ready to yield their valuable sap.

Let us journey into this region and see what the greatest of rubber countries looks like. Tracing the location first of all on the map, we come to Para and later to Manaos, the two rubber shipping centres of the world. In these towns live the proprietors of many of the rubber plantations in the Amazon region and officials representing Companies who have capitals of millions, and who manage their rubber properties after modern business methods. In these cities also live many other individuals interested in the gathering and selling of rubber. It is said, indeed, that the whole of the great South American rubber region is owned by the Companies represented by the chief citizens of these cities. Para itself is a city of one hundred thousand people, many of the inhabitants having grown rich either by actually dealing in rubber, or in supplying necessaries to the camps

In both Para and Manaos the most prominent feature of industrial life is the shipment of rubber, just as the shipment of tobacco is most prominent in Havana. All the exporting sections of the cities are occupied by packing houses where the rubber is packed for export. To these packing houses the crude rubber is brought in lumps that very much resemble hams, though if you happen to drop one of these lumps of rubber you will realize that it is not the ham it seems to be, but a very elastic substance, since as soon as it touches the ground it bounces up and down after the manner of a heavy rubber ball In the warehouses each lump of rubber is carefully weighed, and is then packed in boxes, three hundred pounds in each box, ready for shipment

The traveler will be welcomed as a passenger on one of the boats that bring the crude rubber to the warehouses of the Para Rubber Plantation Co. at Manaos, and after a short sail the boat will land the passenger in the heart of the rubber country. The territory was purchased in fee simple by the Company from the Venezuelan Government. This is the region that is destined to supply not only the best, but the bulk of the rubber used throughout the world for many years to come

Scientific men explain that rubber is a product obtained by proper treatment of the milky sap or "latex" of such tropical trees as siphonia elastica and siphonia braziliensis, belonging to the genus distributed thoughout the section of South America now under discussion. The last United States Census report says that although rubber may be produced from any plant such as common milkweed, having a milky sap, still it can be obtained in commercial quantities only from tropical countries and from rubber trees. The census expert adds that like other vegetable products rubber differs in quality according to the place of derivation; and that the best rubber is shipped from Para and Manaos in South America. We have then the fact of Government recognition of the superiority of rubber coming from the territory here brought to the attention of the reader.

Let us see how operations in this rubber country are conducted. Let us see how the Indians, native to the region, gather the rubber. In the first place the rubber tree resembles ordinary forest trees, such as the English Ash. The reader probably supposes that rubber comes from the rubber plant which ornaments his home, or which he has seen in conservatories, but that plant produces gutta percha, and not rubber.

In the rubber forest the rubber hunter does most of his work in the forenoon, when the sap runs most freely. He begins by tapping the tree as high up from the ground as he can reach, neither boring the tree with an auger as we do our maple trees, nor scarifying the tree as we do our turpentine pine trees of the South. The rubber gatherer taps the tree with a tomahawk or hatchet, which has an inch wide blade He makes only a slight gash in the bark with his hatchet, taking care not to cut the wood beneath the bark Immediately a fluid, as thin and as white as milk oozes forth The gatherer now fastens a small cup into another cut made below the gash, thus catching the fluid as it runs down. He makes three or four similar gashes in each tree, fastening the cup under each gash. About noon-time he goes from tree to tree and empties the milk from the cups into a bucket. He has only a certain number of trees allotted to him, and as there is a tablespoonful of fluid in each cup when he gathers it at noon-time, each tapper has about a gallon of sap to show for his morning's work.

The rubber forests are divided into what are known in the rubber regions as paths. These consist of from sixty to one hundred trees each, the paths leading in and out of the woods and crossing streams. One such path is allotted to each of the native workers who tap the trees and gather the rubber. The size of a plantation is known by its number of paths; hence, the size of the plantation owned by the Para Rubber Plantation Company is known as a plantation of about 75,000 paths, making this plantation of a size that renders even our great cotton plantations or wheat farms insignificant by comparison. As two thousand laborers will soon be at work, over eleven hundred now being actually employed on the Company's property, the reader will understand that eleven hundred paths are being worked. The Company expects to add extra workers at the rate of at least two thousand a year.

After the gathering, the next process is that of smoking, referred to in a previous paragraph. As the sap coagulates on exposure to the air, it is necessary to smoke it the day it is gathered. By following this rule the best rubber is obtained. Under the influence of the smoke the sap hardens. The fuel that makes the fire that makes the smoke is covered with ordinary palm nuts, which, when fired, give forth a dense smoke. In this smoke the worker holds the lump of sap or rubber on a kind of wooden paddle, turning it round and round until the operation is finished.

The lump of rubber is accumulated upon the end of the wooden paddle by first dipping it in the sap or milk, and then holding it in the smoke. After turning it round and round rapidly as described for a minute, the milk hardens. The worker again thrusts the paddle into the bowl of milk, and again he holds it in the smoke, repeating this process until a ball of crude rubber of the regulation size has been gathered. The Para Rubber Plantation Co. will ship thousands of these rubber hams, as we may call them, from Manaos. On the Company's property every tree is scrupulously cared for, and it is a fact known to science that if a rubber-tree is not abused it will produce milk in abundance continuously for thirty or forty years.

The purposes of this Company are those of exploitation, trade and the opening up of their rubber lands. In the matter of exploitation, it is impossible to prophesy, for who can say what will be the limit of the natural resources of this vast tract of virgin rubber forest? In the matter of trade, the Company has this two-fold advantage: It has the opportunity to pay for labor in commodities, and for making a large profit on those commodities. This, of course, will result in lowering the cost of production. Even after labor is paid, it is a known fact that the cost of production of rubber is less than that of any other product save gold. Trading conditions are such, therefore, that the Rubber Company now under consideration can make handsome profits. Let one of the Company's ships take down, for example, one thousand dollars' worth of commodities, consisting of calicoes, flour, jewelry, beads, and factory-made clothing. This cargo of one thousand dollars' worth of commodities can be traded for many thousand dollars' worth of rubber or labor. The natives, indeed, would rather be paid in this way than in cash, as it suits them better, for of what avail is money in a region where there is nothing to buy?

The Company will establish stores for trading purposes, and at these stores the rubber gatherers will do their trading. Thus, while the laborer will receive a fair recompense, taking his pay in supplies purchased from the Company's stores, the system will afford a large profit for the Company, as no other traders can come within a competing distance. This is precisely the system that made the great Hudson Bay Trading Company the greatest Fur Company in the world; it was just this method of trading that laid the foundation of the great Astor fortune when John Jacob Astor, the first, established himself at Astoria.

What are the other conditions that promise a great future and profit for all interested in the rubber industry? First of all, there is a market for every pound of rubber that can be brought into this country or into Europe. Rubber never has to go a-begging. A million pounds, arriving unexpectedly any day, would find immediate sale without lowering the market price. Para rubber sells for 88 cents a pound, with immediate prospect of further advance, and by Para rubber is meant the product that comes from the Rubber Company in Venezuela as well as the rubber regions adjoining. And while Para rubber sells for 88 cents a pound, Central American and all other rubber brings only 50 cents. To produce this rubber it costs the Para Rubber Plantation Company less than 35 cents, so that the profit on each pound may be estimated at about 100 per cent. As already stated, the Company owns about six million trees. Each of these produces about five pounds of rubber, which would make for the entire property thirty million pounds a year — all of which facts convey some idea of the future for all who are interested in rubber, when that interest comes through a Company whose plans are on lines similar to those of the great Hudson Bay Trading Company. As for markets, even if the demand of American manufacturers should be entirely supplied at a given time, the manufacturers of Europe would at once outbid each other to secure the raw material. And as for the profits on rubber made through European channels, there is no better known instance of a fortune made than that accumulated by the King of the Belgians through his ownership of rubber forests in the Congo region in Africa.

With the foregoing outline of what the rubber industry is, and what relation the Para Rubber Plantation Co. bears to the rubber industry, it is the purpose of this article to inform the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that a fortune has been spent in the preliminary operations by the Company. This money has been spent in the acquiring of the property and the establishment of camps and trading posts, and it is now the purpose of the Company to sell a limited amount of its treasury stock for further exploitation. The capital stock of the Company is $5,000,000, of which only a limited amount will be sold to the public. The stock will be sold at its par value of $10.00 a share, and application will be made to list it on the exchanges.

In view of the foregoing the officers of the Company feel that they are very conservative in assuring investors that present prospects warrant their looking forward to a dividend of at least 6 per cent from the first year's earnings, and it will be seen at a glance that the natural available resources of the Company are such that this dividend should be immediately and largely increased.

We desire to emphasize that the above calculation of a 6 per cent. dividend is based on the employment of but two thousand men, but this number can be doubled and trebled, and the Company owns sufficient territory for the employment of forty thousand laborers. Two thousand laborers net 6 per cent, and there is room for the constant employment of forty thousand. The forty thousand are available. It is unnecessary to say more. The great immediate prospective value of the stock is apparent at a glance.

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# THE NEW MEMBER

FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS
*Committee to Elevate the Condition of Labor*
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
UNITED STATES

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 31, 1902

NOW at last I am a really, truly Member of Congress. I have sworn at the Speaker.' Don't look shocked. In company with the other men who were elected last month to fill vacancies, I stood in front of Speaker Henderson's desk, and while our right hands were uplifted we heard him say something that sounded like: "You do solemnly swear to defend and support the Constitution." Each of us said, "I do," and that made us Members of Congress. Before, we were only members-elect; now we are members and may rightfully have M. C. put after our names

Yes, I will admit I felt nervous, but no more so, you may be sure, than the others There were three or four of us standing in what is called "the well," the open space in front of the Speaker's desk. There was General Henderson looking down at us from his heights as if he had nothing but supreme contempt and supreme disgust for the kindergarten class; if he had ordered us put in chains and carried off to jail I shouldn't have been at all surprised. But they tell me the Speaker is a "good fellow," overflowing with the milk of human kindness and Scotch wit, and perhaps some night before the end of the session I'll be fortunate enough to be at a dinner when the Speaker is in good trim, and I shall hear him sing his famous song, "There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea.' It's worth while coming all the way from the Pacific Coast just to hear that one song, I am told

I can't keep to my text because I've got so many things to tell you. I started out to give you an idea of how it feels to be sworn in, and here I've rambled off to dinners and songs Well, to get back to the House. There was the Speaker looking very solemn, and on a tier below him were the clerks, and still below them the official stenographers. All around us were the members, chattering like a lot of schoolboys when the teacher has been called out of the room. Some of them were reading and some were writing, and there was a big bunch around "Joe" Cannon, who was evidently telling a funny story, because they were all laughing as if they enjoyed it immensely. "Uncle Joe," as most people call him in Washington, will be the next Speaker, and a Speaker's stories, like Royalty's jests, must always be laughed at

### *The Press and the Pygmy*

I looked at the galleries and saw them crowded with men and women; and over the Speaker's head was the press gallery full of men. Talk of avenging angels! I can now understand how a man feels at the judgment seat

You remember meeting Senator Graham at the State convention? The day after I arrived I went to call upon the Senator. "Turner," he said, in his sarcastic way, "I suppose you think you're going to save the nation and that the country is sitting up nights waiting to hear your views. Well, whenever you feel an attack of that kind coming on just take a glance at this; you can have it; better have it framed and hung up in your room where you can see it every morning when you get up." The old man chuckled sardonically as he put in my hands a newspaper.

There was a cartoon of a very big and "chesty" man striking a grandiloquent attitude and saying to an insignificant creature at his feet: "I decline to be interviewed, but the Banner may state my position on the tariff," and underneath was the inscription "The new member the day after election; fancy pictures the press at his feet." Below this was another picture — a big man with a big notebook, with the supercilious and haughty look of a hotel clerk at a fashionable summer resort, and bowing and cringing to him the Member of Congress, who is saying "Please, Mr. Correspondent, dear, good, kind Mr. Correspondent, won't you be so kind as to put my name in the Banner," and underneath this was the inscription: "The new member the day after arriving in Washington; he learns the power of the press."

I guess Senator Graham knows.

Here I am still standing in "the well." I must make a short job of it and come to the surface right away. The member of the kindergarten class next to me was Captain A. P. Gardner, of Massachusetts, who succeeds

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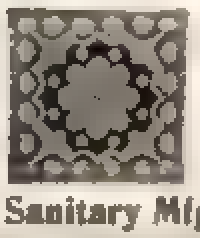

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Mr. Moody, who resigned to enter the Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy. Captain Gardner is one of the lucky new members. He is young, immensely wealthy and the son-in-law of Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, and Senator Lodge is pretty nearly the whole thing in Washington since his bosom friend, Theodore Roosevelt, became President. Senator Lodge rides and drives and walks with the President; when he isn't dining at the White House the President is dining at his house. They say that Mr. Lodge has more influence with the President than any member of the Cabinet or any other Senator, and that all Mr. Lodge has to do to get a place for a friend is simply to ask for it, as the President refuses him nothing. This has made some Senators frightfully jealous, I am told. It seems strange, doesn't it, to think that great men, our statesmen, the men who rule the country, can be so small and petty? But when a man gets to be a Member of Congress, like an actor he wants to occupy the centre of the stage all the time, and is always suspicious that some other member of the cast will be given too much "fat."

Every politician wants to go higher. Every Representative wants to be a Senator, every Senator wants to be President. Washington is just bubbling over with pure patriots, willing to sacrifice themselves on their country's altar whenever the altar is erected in the White House. We are the most unselfish set of men you ever saw, or ever dreamed of. We love our country so dearly that we are always willing to serve it (when we can serve it in Congress, the Cabinet or the White House) at somebody's else expense. I wonder whether at one and the same time a man can be a patriot and draw a salary? Senator Lodge, they say, expects to be made the President's political heir. Pleasant talk this, as you can imagine, for Senator Fairbanks, Secretary Shaw and the other men who have hopes.

Now consider me sworn in and back in my seat in the last row. I suppose you think now that I am a Member of Congress I have made a speech, and that the whole House listened to what I had to say with rapt attention. Another illusion shattered!

You remember when we read Balzac together how interested we were in A Distinguished Provincial at Paris and Lost Illusions. When I come home next spring we will write a novel which I shall name The Lost Illusions of a Distinguished Pacific Coaster in Washington (I like the title for its brevity!), in which we shall show how different the real thing is from the imaginary. I have looked so often at that engraving in father's library of Henry Clay making his great speech that I imagined when a Member of Congress spoke every other member was as quiet as if he were in church. As a matter of fact no one cares a continental what any one says, and no one pays the least attention. Members sit at their desks and read or write (just as I am doing now), or swap yarns, and when they get tired of that they go off into the cloak-rooms and smoke and tell more stories. It's only a great man on a great occasion whose speech is listened to. All the rest, the small fry, simply talk for the benefit of their constituents so that they can get their names in their home papers and have their speeches reported in the Congressional Record, copies of which they can send to the people at home. I haven't been able to do that yet, I am sorry to say.

### *How the Congressional "Plebe" Likes It*

In Washington speeches as well as kisses go by favor. I thought it would be easy enough to get up and say my say whenever I felt like it, but I am wiser now. Before a member can speak he must be "recognized" by the Speaker or have an arrangement with the chairman of the committee having charge of the measure under consideration. A new member isn't of much account in Washington. He is a good deal of a fellow in his own district, especially immediately after election, because there is only one of him at a time, and his constituents really think he has something to say about making the laws and ruling the country, but down here in Washington there's a whole heap of him, and a man must be well up to the top to count for anything. We new fellows are like the plebes at the Military Academy. We've got to say "sir," and salute our superiors and old members, and how they do love to make us feel our inferiority!

I thought I should have a chance to make a speech when I introduced my bill to establish a uniform system of divorce in all the States of the Union. You know how much time I gave to the preparation of that bill, how we talked it over with Judge Weston and Doctor

# The Hour of Opportunity

## *FOR YOUNG MEN WHO KNOW HOW TO DO THINGS*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
—*Shakespeare.*

TODAY is full of possibilities for the man of character and initiative. Never before in the history of this "Land of Opportunity" has the demand for brains and executive ability been so great—or so unsatisfied. In every department of the world's work *men* are wanted—men young, if not in years, in energy and enthusiasm, men who are filled with the strenuous spirit of the times, men prepared to *do something* and to do it *now*.

The demand for such men is unsatisfied, not because of a lack of willing workers, but because too few possess the special qualifications required nowadays, of those in authority.

### *Special Training, the Key to Success.*

The world-supremacy of American manufactures and commerce is due to the work of trained specialists, under the direction of men, who by long experience and unremitting study of their work, have become recognized experts. But the supply of such specialists has not kept pace with the need for them. A prominent builder of machine tools, in a letter requesting the Students' Aid Department of the International Correspondence Schools to help him secure the services of some technically trained men, wrote in part: "There is not much difficulty in obtaining average talent—but we must have men of superior ability. We find that the time to get a good man is when he presents himself, because when you really want him it is very difficult to find him." The condition existing in the broad field of mechanical engineering is typical of that prevailing in all other lines of industry. Too many depend wholly on "rule-o-thumb" methods and their own experience. Such men are debarred from advancement above the hundreds of their fellows of equal experience and ability.

In engineering or in business, when positions of responsibility become vacant, the technically trained man is singled out for promotion. Among applicants for positions as beginners, the young man who has trained his brains for his chosen work is the first and often the only one that is given a chance.

The others, if employed at all, go to make up the army of "cogs" in the machinery of trade.

### *Are You a Cog?*

Perhaps you are one of the many whose ambition has been choked by ignorance. Ignorance! Does the word startle you? Ask yourself, what is the cash value of your knowledge? Ability to read and write and calculate, honesty, willingness to work, etc., are not passes to promotion, but prerequisites for employment. Do you know anything that is not the common knowledge of all? Can you do anything that others cannot do?

If you do not know and cannot do what the world is bidding for, are you not essentially ignorant?

### *You Can Succeed.*

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Will you?

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### *How the I. C. S. Helps.*

To illustrate how the International Correspondence Schools are helping ambitious people, consider these cases, selected at random from among hundreds of others:

John C. Tibbetts, a telegraph operator, became dissatisfied with his work and aspired to become an architect. When he enrolled in the I. C. S. he "knew nothing of drawing or the profession of architecture." The Schools not only taught him architectural drawing and the principles of building design and construction, but placed him in touch with a well-known architect, who offered him a partnership. Mr. Tibbetts accepted, and became one of the firm of Lyons & Tibbetts, Architects, Fairmount, W. Va.

Robert W. Brodman, of 22 Second Ave., College Point, N. Y., tells his story very clearly and convincingly in the following letter to the Schools:

"When I took up the I. C. S. training in electrical engineering I was an apprentice in an electrical instrument-making establishment. As I proceeded with my studies, I advanced in my work and soon raised myself to be instrument maker. Later, I accepted a better paying position as a designer of arc lamps. Here I advanced very rapidly and was soon put in charge of the testing room. I left this place to accept a position as electrician on the Long Island Railroad's trolley line at Rockaway Beach, and a month later was placed in charge. *My salary is now seven times as much as when I enrolled.*"

It will be noted that while Mr. Tibbetts was dissatisfied and changed his occupation, Mr. Brodman stuck to his original line of work and steadily advanced to the top. The conditions varied greatly, but the I. C. S. showed each his opportunity and helped him win.

One more very interesting experience was that of M. E. Hoag, a dentist, of Maxwell, Iowa. Not content with the limitations of his practice, he determined to cultivate his mechanical talents, so enrolled in the I. C. S. for instruction in drawing. While studying he earned considerable money making mechanical drawings for local concerns. About the time he completed the Course, the Schools secured for him the position of chief draftsman with the Smith Metallic Packing Co., 861 Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ill., at a salary of $100 per month and expenses. He writes: "I believe that any man who will take up a Course with the I. C. S., and will follow instructions, will have no trouble in doing the work, and will better his position in a short time. Any one of ordinary intelligence can succeed."

### *What Position Do You Want?*

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## EAT SLOW

**Means Chew Fast, Fine and Hard but Swallow Slow**

"Across the table sat a young man," remarked an old gentleman from New Albany, Ind., recently, "with a sickly face, who was slowly chewing in a fashion which led me to believe that his teeth were all in such condition that if he should forget himself and bite a little bit harder, off would fly the top of his head. Finally I remarked:—

'You have to be very careful of them?'

'Yes, indeed,' he replied, 'I have no stomach. My doctor told me to eat slow. No odds what your hurry may be,' said he, 'eat slow.'

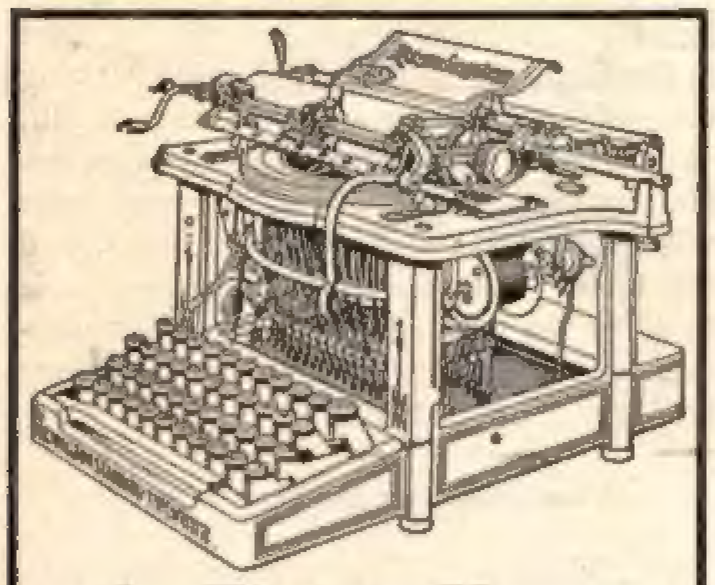
'You misunderstood him,' said I, 'what the doctor meant was to chew fast, fine and hard but to swallow slowly. Now you are actually committing suicide, the doctor meant for you to use your teeth. Are your teeth all right?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'I can bite through sole leather. I wonder if the doctor did mean that I should chew hard instead of slow?'

Then I told him of my experience in the food line. I'm a pretty old man now but, like a good many other people, my stomach went back on me one time and I commenced to study food and the requirements of the body. After experimenting a good deal I came across Grape-Nuts and was soon convinced that this food met all the requirements of health and as a daily diet is indispensable.

I am not a doctor but it is easy to understand that the great change from my former condition to my present good health and ability, at the age of 67, to walk 25 miles a day, if so inclined, is due solely to Grape-Nuts and the proper nourishment my body has received from this valuable food.

The crispness of Grape-Nuts gives the teeth sufficient action to keep them in good condition; its taste is delicious and the way it is prepared corrects any digestive trouble a person may have. I know my lease of life has been renewed for a term of years by its use." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



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Lawton, who showed it to some of the other pastors, who all said that it was exactly the kind of legislation Congress ought to pass, and ever so much better than wasting its time talking about the tariff and the trusts. You remember Judge Weston said there could not be a single legal objection raised, and that he should be very much surprised if Congress did not pass the bill without changing it in the least particular. That encouraged me and I prepared a speech, my maiden speech, that I believed would make the House understand that we men of the West have given some thought to the great questions of the day.

Judge Lancaster is the senior member of our delegation, and I asked him how I should go about it to get my bill before the House and make my speech. He is chairman of the Committee on Interstate Divorce, which is the committee to which my bill has been sent, and Gaines, of West Virginia, who is a good fellow and serving his first term, which makes him have some sympathy for a man as new as I am, put me up to the dodge of seeing the chairman of the committee.

"I tell you what it is, Turner," he said, "you can't do anything here unless you stand in with the chairman of your committee. Let's see, who's your chairman?" and then we went to consult a Congressional Directory.

"Whew," he whistled as he turned over the pages and his eye fell on the name he was looking for.

I didn't like that whistle. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," said Gaines laughing; "I just had a funny thought."

I could see his "funny thought" had something to do with my bill, so I pressed him, and finally he said:

### *The Most Unpopular Member*

"Well, I'll tell you a story that seems to fit your case. You remember Holman, of Indiana, who was in Congress long before our day? Marsh, of Maryland, who served with him, told me the story last session and he declares it to be true. Holman, you know, was called 'the Watch-Dog of the Treasury' and 'the Great Objector,' because he always objected to the passage of bills that appropriated money, which made him the most unpopular man in the House, but Holman didn't seem to care in the slightest about that, and if he couldn't kill a bill in one way he could in another. There was a young fellow from Illinois serving his first term who knew he was going to have a terrific fight for renomination, and whose only chance was to secure the passage of a bill for the erection of a public building at the county-seat. Half a dozen times he had attempted to pass the bill only to meet with the stereotyped 'I object' from Holman. It got to be very near the end of the session and the man from Illinois was desperate.

"Then one evening he called on Holman. He frankly told him that unless he got that public building he might just as well go right out and leave his order with the undertaker.

"The old man looked dreadfully sympathetic. Although he chewed tobacco he rarely expectorated, but he kept up a constant movement of his lips and punctuated every second word by pressing his tongue against his lips as if he were expelling the air, which made a sound like 'tph.' 'Afraid you'll be—tph—beaten; too bad, too bad—tph—wouldn't have that—tph—tph—happen for the world—tph,' and then he went on to tell him that out of the goodness of his heart he would offer the bill himself next morning. The man from Illinois went away rejoicing.

"Next morning the man from Illinois went to the House early. There was Holman chewing and 'tphing' as usual.

"'Good-morning, Mr. Holman,' said the man from Illinois timidly, 'I hope——'

"'That's all right, young man—tph—tph; I sha'n't forget your bill.'

"When the proper time came, up got Mr. Holman and asked for the passage of the bill.

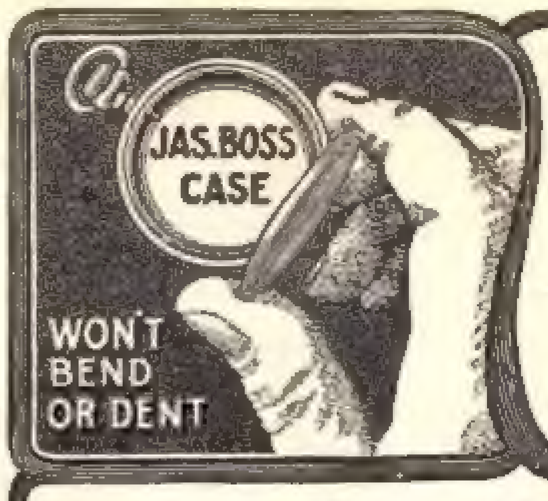
"The House could scarcely believe its eyes or its ears. Holman asking for the passage of a public building bill! It was incredible. Then it suddenly dawned upon the members that it was a bill for a building in Holman's district and here was a chance to get even, and the bill could be held up until Holman ceased his objections to other bills; so from all parts of the House came a chorus of:

"'I object.'

"'*I object.*'

"'I OBJECT.'

"'Mr. Speaker,' began Holman, but the Speaker cut him off curtly with, "Objection is made,' and that was the end of it. That was one way of helping a friend and killing a bill."



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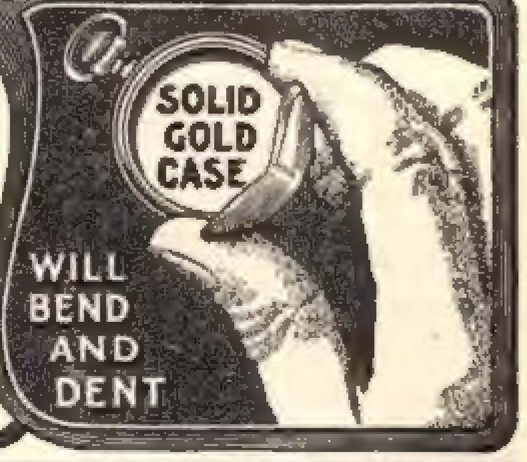
PROTECTION

The Jas. Boss Stiffened Gold Watch Cases are an improvement on solid gold cases. They are stronger and won't bend or dent. Made of two layers of gold, with a layer of stiffening metal between, welded together into one solid sheet. The outside layer contains more gold than can be worn off a case in 25 years, the time for which a Jas. Boss Case is guaranteed.

Jas. Boss
Stiffened GOLD Watch Cases

are recognized as the standard by all jewelers. They are identical with solid gold cases in appearance and size, but much lower in price. Don't accept any case said to be "just as good" as the Boss. Look for the Keystone trademark. Send for booklet.

The Keystone Watch Case Company, Philadelphia



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In a dainty little booklet, which we will send to any boy free, twenty-five out of more than three thousand bright boys tell in their own way just how they have made a success of selling

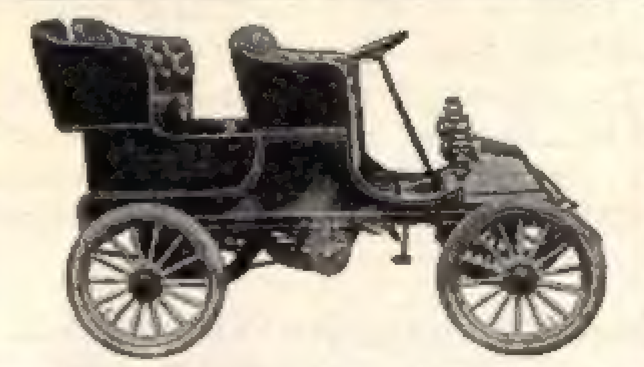
*The Saturday Evening Post*

Pictures of the boys—letters telling how they built up a paying business outside of school hours—interesting stories of real business tact.

**Some of these boys are making $10 to $15 a week. You can do the same. No money required to start. We will furnish Ten Copies the first week free of charge, to be sold at Five Cents a Copy. You can then send us the wholesale price for as many as you find you can sell the next week.**
***If you will try it we will send the copies and everything necessary.***

**$225.00 IN EXTRA CASH PRIZES will be distributed NEXT MONTH among boys who SELL FIVE OR MORE COPIES WEEKLY.**

The Curtis Publishing Company, 426 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



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Motor Car, $800–$950

Equal to any $1000 Automobile made

7-horse power gasoline engine, the simplest, most easily controlled, and most reliable machine on the market.

A combination single seat or double seat, for two or four persons. Can be changed in 15 seconds.

Fills all requirements, is thoroughly practical

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$30 DIAMONDS

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An after Christmas clean-up of choice odd size diamonds. New 1903 star cut setting, choice of either solitaire diamond, two stone (diamond and ruby) or three stone (diamond, ruby and sapphire) $30.00. $6.00 cash and $3.00 per month, or $27.00 net, all cash.

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Pay nothing in advance. We pay express charges. If not satisfactory and the best ring offer you know of, send them back at our expense.

Any diamond bought of us can be exchanged for larger diamond any time at full price. Save every pay-day and own diamonds. They never wear out. "How to Buy a Diamond" explains our very low prices and shows the newest rings, pins, studs, earrings, and brooches. Glad to send it FREE. Write

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The Auto-Sparker

does away entirely with all starting and running batteries, their annoyance and expense. No belt—no switch—no batteries. Can be attached to any engine now using batteries. Fully guaranteed; write for descriptive catalog.

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# The Golden State Limited

If you wait until you have "time" to go to California, you will never go—NEVER. The thing to do is to pack your trunk and GO. Forget household cares, dismiss business from your mind and GO. Go now—THIS month.

Why should you go? Because California is the most beautiful portion of this great country of ours; because, by going there, you will escape the hardships and discomforts of February and March, the most trying months of the year at home; because a month in California will do you more good than all the medicine in Christendom.

# California

is the place of all others for the invalid, the pleasure-seeker—for every man and woman who is "out of sorts" and needs rest. The air, the sunshine, the semi-tropical vegetation, the mountains, the blue sea and the still bluer sky—these are California's aids to health.

California is easily reached if you take the Rock Island and Southern Pacific systems by way of El Paso. At El Paso you can stop off and visit quaint and picturesque Mexico.

The train to take is the Golden State Limited, which leaves Chicago and Kansas City daily and runs through to Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Francisco without change. No other train to Southern California offers as good service. No other train makes faster time—only 68 hours Chicago to Los Angeles. Less than four days from the Atlantic Coast. Through cars to Santa Barbara and San Francisco.

Living is not expensive in California. As a matter of fact, it costs less than in almost any other part of the country.

Write for beautifully illustrated literature descriptive of California; also for information about the low rates now in effect.

JOHN SEBASTIAN,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
Chicago, Ill.

Rock Island System

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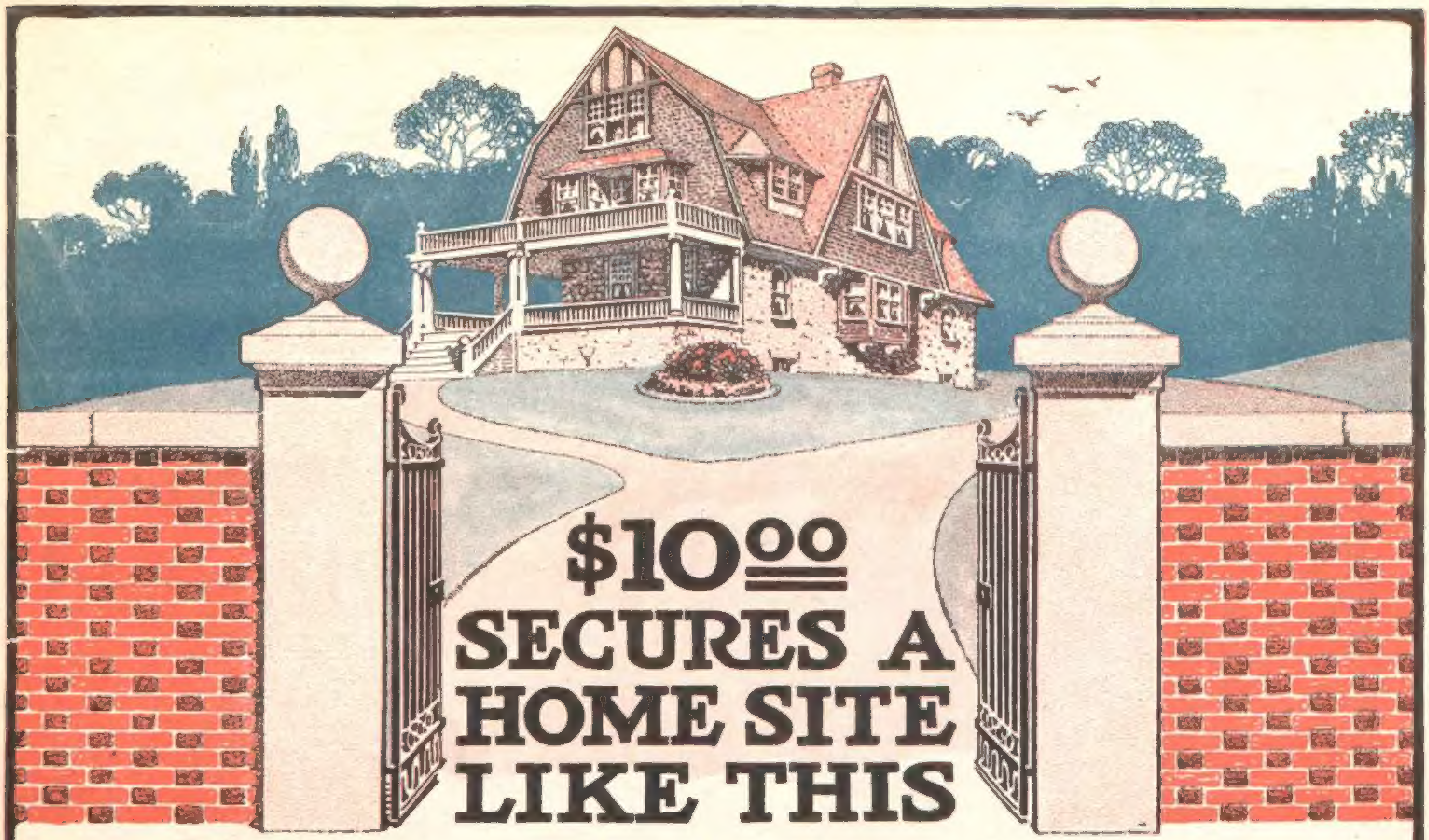

This is not a lot on an isolated farm, but

## A Valuable Home Site in a Thoroughly Developed Suburban Town on which Over $900,000.00 has Already Been Spent

Being composed originally of two large estates, one of them being the old homestead site of the late Thomas Smith, President of the Bank of North America, Philadelphia, and it was only after his death that this remarkable property could be obtained at any price, and then had to be purchased in its entirety, with its winding drives, shady nooks, old shade, etc., laying high and commanding the finest views of any point around the City of Philadelphia.

This offer is made to large and small investors, with the sole purpose of releasing capital, which will be used in the further development and improvement of this wonderful property.

The house shown in the above illustration is one of the many erected this year, and is typical of the hundreds of homes NOW ERECTED at Glenside—THE ARISTOCRATIC SUBURB OF PHILADELPHIA. The 300 lots we are offering The Saturday Evening Post readers are similar to this. They are right in the heart of the most attractive and the most successful suburb of Philadelphia, ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT AN EQUAL IN THE UNITED STATES AS TO MAGNITUDE OR QUALITY OF IMPROVEMENTS (MADE, NOT PROMISED).

No other property has increased in value so rapidly during the past year. No other property has anything like the prospect of increased value during the coming year.

# Glenside Home Sites as a Saving Fund

No matter in what section of the United States you live, this is a splendid opportunity to save money and to make an investment that, in our opinion, will increase in value every month you hold it. It requires no great outlay to begin. $10.00 secures the ground. Small payments can be made on the balance. Ten per cent. discount for cash in 30 days. This form of saving is safer than putting money in the bank, because you have the ground with a guaranteed title as security, and it will pay better interest than any other substantial and conservative investment of a similar nature.

**Glenside is a thriving town now**—93 trains connect it with Philadelphia daily; being a terminus, it has a great advantage of express service (no change of cars)—The Philadelphia and Reading Railway running the entire length of the property, two stations on the property and three others within five minutes' walk. Two trolley lines now under construction to run through the property. Hundreds of houses and stores are already built, but the town is in its infancy. Values are increasing weekly.

**Only 90 Minutes to New York — Station Short Walk**

## Recommended by Financial Magnates of National Fame

The Land Title & Trust Company, of Philadelphia, Penna., one of the largest institutions of its kind in the country, located at the corner of Broad and Chestnut Streets, will gladly answer any questions in regard to Glenside or its owner. It is endorsed by P. A. B. Widener, the great Traction magnate, who knows the section thoroughly, because he has a palatial home within a short distance from Glenside. Wm. L. Elkins, the famous financier, has also consented to reply to any prospective investor who desires his opinion as to the value of Glenside home sites as investments. Either of these gentlemen will answer any inquiry as to the financial ability and standing of the owner of Glenside, also his willingness to perform every obligation made.

### These are Our Terms

We will, upon application, reserve a home site in Glenside costing any sum desired. In the three hundred lots we offer there are sites ranging from $200 to $1700. There are also a few lots at higher prices.

We will then place the intending investor in a position to learn the entire history of Glenside, its present standing and its future possibilities. This information will be conveyed in such a way that absolute confidence can be placed on its reliability.

If you can come to Glenside we will pay a proportionate amount of your expenses, according to the size of your investment. On the larger size lots we will pay the entire cost of transportation from any point in the United States.

After you have thoroughly investigated the property and decided to purchase, we will give you

### A Security Unprecedented in the History of Real Estate

With the deed of sale we will include an ironclad Guarantee that the Property Will Increase in Value 25 per cent. within a Year from purchase, based upon prices at which the ground is then selling. If it fails to do this

### We will Refund Your Money at the End of 12 Months with 6 Per Cent. Interest Added

This Guarantee is made possible by the fact that the property advanced 25 per cent. during the past year, and is in position to make a still greater advance during the coming twelve months.

*For Further Information Address*

**WM. T. B. ROBERTS & SON**
**411 Land Title Building, Philadelphia**

I am interested in the sale of 300 Glenside Home sites. Please supply me with the information promised in the above advertisement.

*Name,* ..............................

*Address,* ..............................